

The WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA EAST AND
NEWFOUNDLAND



WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUNDER

EDWARD J. HIGGINS, GENERAL

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James Hay, Commissioner

"The Memory of the Just is Blessed"

Seventeenth Anniversary of the "Empress" Disaster is held in Mount Pleasant Cemetery

THE ROUGH-HEWN, lofty monolith, which, standing in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Toronto, marks The Army's memorial to the Salvationists lost in the "Empress of Ireland" disaster in 1914, again became the rallying point of the handful of survivors, and a company of others, on Friday, May 29th.

Chaste in design, and with a simple grandeur, this historic column is the symbol at once of the blackest day in the annals of Canadian Salvationists and of the thrice-blessed hope of resurrection. So that not with mournful dirges or sad repinings did this representative company gather, but with a desire to stimulate faith as they recalled the brave comrades who had perished, and to renew their consecrations to their God. It was in this strain that Major Spooner prayed.

Colonel Attwell spoke. A sentence or two and the whole terrible catastrophe was before us, in vivid outline—the hour, two a.m.; the fog-enshrouded St. Lawrence River; the ominous bulk looming out of the ghostly shadows; the sickening impact, and 1,024 men, women and children claimed by the icy waters in a few minutes, among them 167 Salvationists.

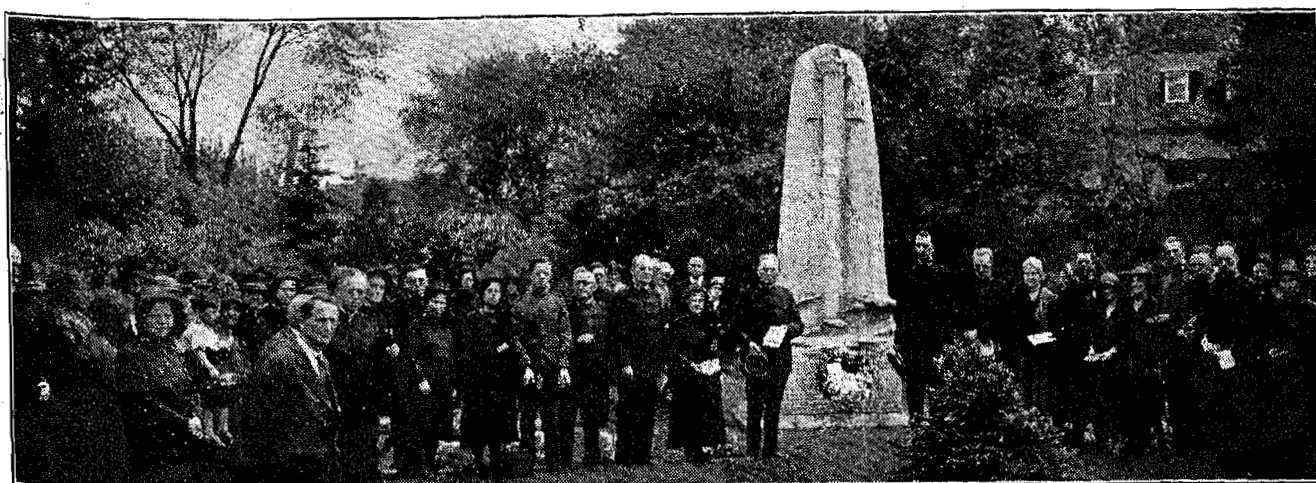
Even the gay twittering of the birds seemed hushed, in this quiet corner of Mount Pleasant Cemetery, as the fateful event was reviewed.

"The memory of the just is blessed," quoted the Colonel, as he spoke of his companion-voyagers who had been lost awhile. He emphasized the goodness of God in preserving the survivors during the seventeen years that have elapsed since the accident. The circle has been broken by only one—Colonel Frank Morris—since that time.

There were other poignant reminders. Adjutant Green, who lost father, mother and sister in the disaster, led a song, which was sung at the last Knee-drill conducted at Territorial Headquarters prior to the party's departure—"I will guide thee." Psalm 46, which had been read at a public farewell at the Temple, by Colonel Maidment, the Chief Secretary, was read afresh by Staff-Captain Keith.

This was the first time since the catastrophe that Lieut.-Colonel Ernest Pugmire, also a survivor, had been privileged to attend an "Empress"

(Continued on page 13)



Scene at the Seventeenth Anniversary Service of the "Empress of Ireland" disaster, held in Mount 1

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

WE WILL UNDERSTAND THE BIBLE BETTER IF
WE ENDEAVOR TO PUT OURSELVES IN THE
STEAD OF ITS CHARACTERS

THE court room was crowded. All through the proceedings the people had sat with tense interest. The witnesses had given their evidence and had been cross-examined by both prosecuting and defending lawyers. In the dock stood the accused; a fair-haired, well-built and intelligent-looking chap of about twenty-three years of age.

The charge against him was a serious one, and by his own mouth he had acknowledged his guilt. Coming to the large city a few weeks previously, he had sought solace in the presence of a chance acquaintance, a young lady who had taken him to one of the numerous "speakeasies" where they could get a little drink and have a dance. All was going well until the accused was drawn into an argument with another gentleman friend of the girl.

Suddenly the adversary of the one on trial reached to his pocket as if to draw a weapon. Immediately the accused in self-defense grabbed a bottle which lay near by and struck the victim a blow, in order to stun him. Unfortunately the blow was harder than intended and now, in this court room, the fate of the young man was being placed in the hands of "twelve good men and true."

The spectators held their breath as the defending counsel briefly reviewed the case before the jury, and his terminating remark to that body of men brought awe into the hearts of all present:

"Gentlemen, I ask you to put yourselves in the place of the accused. In like circumstances, what would you have done?"

These words have been ringing in my ears ever since I heard them. "What would you have done?" As I ponder over them my thoughts run to the great Book of books and I think of some of the deeds recorded in that volume. I wonder if those of us who profess to love and serve God were placed in circumstances similar to those recorded there, if we would have done as did the saints of old?

Supposing we were called upon to lay an only son on the altar of sac-

rifice to the Most High, would we, with such ready compliance as Abraham, obey the voice of God? What would we have done?

The day has changed, and God does not require such action on the part of parents to-day, but He does call for the dedication and consecration of the lives of our children to His Service. Have you done this with yours, or are you prepared to do so for His sake? The answer is in your hands.

What if a Divine messenger should come to you and tell you to leave your home and belongings and escape, with a few of your relatives,

SEEK YE THE LORD
WHILE HE MAY BE
FOUND; CALL YE UPON
HIM WHILE HE IS NEAR

from the city in which you live, as that city was to be destroyed by fire. What would you have done?

It is not God's plan to deal with people in that way nowadays; but He is continually calling men and women to leave their environment and launch out into spheres of usefulness in His service. Once the call has come and you have stepped out on to the paths chosen for you, the most regrettable thing for you to do is to look back and desire the old order of things. Many a person has lost his usefulness from disobedience. If you were in like circumstances, what would you do?

Many years ago, the government of a certain country issued a ruling which was signed by the king, making it an offence for any person to worship the true and living God, and commanding everybody to fall down and worship an idol at an appointed hour. The penalty for disobeying this decree was that all offenders were to be cast into a fiery furnace. Three had the courage of their convictions

and refused to be governed by such a law, choosing to suffer the penalty of man than the wrath of God. With what result? Their names have become immortalized. They were able to prove to all witnesses that their God could deliver them from the most horrible conditions. If you had been in the place of either of these magnificent characters, what would you have done?

There does not seem to be any danger of the government of our country issuing any such rule now, but every day in each of our lives there comes to us the decree that we must either incur the displeasure of the world by not doing as its inhabitants would have us do, or obtaining the favor of God by doing His will. What decision are you making?

It is hardly probable that we will ever be called upon to make such a surrender as the little boy made on the occasion when Christ fed the multitude with his loaves and fishes. But there are in our midst, thousands upon thousands of young men and women who have been urged to offer up their talents to the Master so that He might bless and multiply them in His service! By their actions many refuse to obey the promptings of His Spirit. What are you doing with your talents?

Let your mind go back to that great trial when the Son of Man was forcibly brought before Pilate. Think of the multitude crying for His crucifixion. Think of the thorn-crowned brow. Think of the mocking, jeering, beating and spitting by a blood-thirsty mob. Think of the weighty Cross. Think of the spear thrust and then ask yourself, "What would I have done had I been placed in a similar position?"

As we continue to read the precious Book and review the wonderful stories contained in it we shall have a better understanding of them and we will be better men and women if we place ourselves in the stead of those whose names are recorded, and answer the question, "What would I have done?"—F. J. Knights, Montreal.

OBEY AT A RUN

Obeys at a run! Let no barrier withhold you,
But do whatsoever the Master commands!
Just do it—assured that His arms shall enfold you—
The why and the wherefore the Lord understands.

'Tis yours to obey, the result though unknowing—
Let faith lift her eyes to the regions above,
Where, grace all-sufficient upon you bestowing,
There ruleth and reigneth the Father of Love.

Nay, wait for no orders—where greatest the danger,
Shrink not from the path, though it mean earthly loss;
Remember how Jesus stooped low to the manger
And won your Salvation for you on the Cross.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

SUNDAY

Scripture reading: 1 John 2:15-29

A thought for the day:

Next to a sound rule of faith there is nothing of so much consequence as a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion.—Keble.
Let us sing Song No. 691.

MONDAY

Scripture reading: 1 John 3:1-12

A thought for the day:

Nothing before, nothing behind,
The steps of Faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath.

—Whittier.

Let us sing Song No. 509.

TUESDAY

Scripture reading: 1 John 3:13-24

A thought for the day:

Life is like a tale; what makes it of value is not its length, but its goodness.—Seneca.

Let us sing Song No. 431.

WEDNESDAY

Scripture reading: 1 John 4:1-10

A thought for the day:

Thou seemest human and divine,
The brightest, holiest manhood
Thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours to make them
Thine.

—Tennyson.

Let us sing Song No. 543.

THURSDAY

Scripture reading: 1 John 4:11-21

A thought for the day:

Withstand the beginnings; when the evils have become rooted the remedies are too late.—Ovid.

Let us sing Song No. 633.

FRIDAY

Scripture reading: - John 5:1-12

A thought for the day:

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered
acts
Of kindness and of love.

—Wordsworth.

Let us sing Song No. 292.

SATURDAY

Scripture reading: 1 John 5:13-21

A thought for the day:

The world is not a playground; it is a schoolroom; and its great lesson that we are always to learn is the lesson of love in all its part.—Drummond.

Let us sing Song No. 347.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

Keep your eyes and ears open, if you desire to get on in the world.—Douglass Jerrold.

Hide not the truth when you know it, clothe it not with falsehood.—Mohammedan.

It is better to be dumb for the rest of one's life than to speak falsely.—Hindu.

Ennui shortens life and bereaves the day of its light.—R. W. Emerson.
Great men are never sufficiently shown but in struggle.—Edmund Burke.

Be free from duplicity and stand in the path of truth.—Persian.

Our Staccato Serial

THE STORY OF NAAMAN

Told in Picture and Text



No. 9—"GO IN PEACE"

And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came, and stood before him: and he said: "Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel: now therefore I pray thee, take a blessing of thy servant."

But he said, "As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none." And he urged him to take it; but he refused.

And he said unto him, "Go in peace." So he departed from him a little way. (To be continued)

PROOFS OF THE EXISTENCE OF GOD

By Brigadier Newton Parker (R), D.D.

THE Bible tells about God, and more than 2,000 times, in one way or another, it says that it is the Word of God. He is its Author. It tells us the things we could not otherwise find out; things about earth, Heaven and Hell; about right and wrong; sin and the Devil; the joys of Heaven and the punishments of Hell; repentance, faith, Salvation, consecration and Holiness; and through God and the Bible is the only way these things can be found out.

In the Bible is found prophecy after prophecy concerning matters that no one but God could tell about. Some of them were fulfilled a short time after they were made, and others many years after. These things were told about cities, countries, nations and peoples, and the most wonderful prophecies of all were about Jesus Christ, the Messiah. These extended over nearly four by nearly every writer of the Old Testament. They told some of the minutest things of His life, which were literally fulfilled. Angels, men and the Devil could not do this. Who did it? The only possible common-sense answer is, God.

In the world are some remarkable things. There are homes, educational institutions, towns and cities, stores and factories, ships and railroad trains, autos and aeroplanes. There

are asylums, old people's homes, and hospitals; schools, colleges, churches and The Salvation Army. Where have all these things come from? Man and the Devil did not do these things. If they had done them, we should find these things in heathen countries, in the wilds of Africa, among aborigines. But they are not there. Where are they found? In Christianized countries, and the more these countries are Christianized, the more there are of all these benefactions. God is the originator of them. He has used man as the instrument; He only is the Author.

Why is it one feels good if he has done right, and bad if he does wrong? This could not be if man had no conscience and there were no right or wrong. But there could be no right or wrong without law, and there can be no law without a lawgiver. Neither the great laws of Exodus 20th chapter, nor the laws revealed to man through his conscience, could have been made by man, and One, therefore, greater than man was the Lawgiver. Man's conscience reveals a law which he feels he ought to obey, and consequently a great, wise, supreme lawgiver who is God.

"Now this is how I define talent; it is a gift God has given us in secret, which we reveal without knowing it."—Montesquieu.

SING UNTO THE LORD

NEAR THE CROSS

(New Song Book, No. 854)

Jesus, keep me near the Cross;
There a precious Fountain,
Free to all—a healing stream—
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

In the Cross, in the Cross, be my
glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find
rest beyond the River.

Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and Morning Star
Shed His beams around me.

Near the Cross; O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day
With its shadow o'er me.

Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand
Just beyond the River.

THE CROSS OF JESUS

(New Song Book, No. 289)

Beneath the Cross of Jesus, I fain
would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock, within
a weary land;
A home within the wilderness, a rest
upon the way
From the burning of the noon-tide
heat and the burden of the day.

Upon the Cross of Jesus mine eye at
times can see
The very dying form of One who
suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart, with
tears, two wonders I confess,
The wonders of His glorious love, and
my own sinfulness.

I take, O Cross, thy shadow for my
abiding place,
I ask no other sunshine than the sun-
shine of His face;
Content to let the world go by, to
know no gain nor loss,
My years of sin my only shame, my
glory all the Cross.

OUR SHORT SERIAL

A Marco Polo of Salvationism

A Canada East "War Cry" Representative Interviews a Passing Wanderer and Captures a Story Packed With Romance and Adventure Linking Canada With Rumania



Ensign W. Hraniuc

WESLEY HRANIUC is a veritable Marco Polo of Salvationism. Seventeen years ago he was a penniless Roumanian immigrant boy, without knowledge of English. To-day he is an Ensign in The Salvation Army, and has just returned to the Canada West Territory following an eight-month furlough, during which time he visited his homeland, making both trans-Atlantic voyages on a cattle boat! His life-story is as well packed with romance as a tale from a book, with the additional merit of being true.

Hraniuc first came to this country with his father, who left him in the care of a Montreal landlady, while he went to the North country for work. This woman had a heartless lapse of memory for she forgot her obligation and turned her charge into the streets on the very day the elder Hraniuc left. For two weeks Wesley subsisted on one loaf of bread which the woman had thrust into his hand. He could not speak a word of English; his isolation was complete.

In due course Providence guided him to one of his own countrymen, and he became a dish-washer in a restaurant, receiving the magnificent remuneration of \$2.00 a month. He gained an invaluable asset at this time—a working knowledge of English.

Visions

Later on, with characteristic enterprise, he secured summer work, and spent his winters in school. Then he practiced carpentry, a trade which has since been put to good use.

Money commenced to roll in. His dream of pre-immigrant days, when Canada had been presented to his young mind as a land of opulence

and opportunity, came near to realization. He went into railroading, and wages jumped from the original \$2.00 to \$160 a month. With increasing prosperity came a passionate desire to become a wealthy man. He had visions of returning to his own land at some future date, to be lauded by his own people as a benefactor of humanity. But visions notwithstanding, he failed to resist the temptation to waste his new-found wealth. He became a pleasure-seeker and gambler.

But there was something in Wesley Hraniuc's soul that refused to be satisfied. It rebelled against his efforts to pacify it with transient joys. It found no response in the superficialities of life.

"Closed Book" Opened

One day in Toronto he chanced to be passing within ear-shot of an Army Open-air. He was attracted by the music and listened for awhile. For the first time his spiritual longings became coherent. He felt that he had found an answer to his soul's craving.

A Bible was purchased shortly after this experience. He found the New Testament story of absorbing interest. Having been raised in the Greek Catholic Faith, the Bible had been virtually a closed book to him. But now his eyes were opened.

Six months later he met with The Salvation Army again, this time in Port Arthur. He followed the march to the Hall, and that night made a public profession of Salvation.

There are no half-measures when Wesley Hraniuc makes up his mind to pursue a certain course. He gave up an excellent job, and in a few months was in Winnipeg Training Garrison, preparing for Officership. After conversion, his thoughts turned to his homeland. His father had returned to his native village, so he sent him a Bible and letters urgently pleading that he get saved. For years he prayed that the way might open up for him to preach the Gospel in Roumania.

Hraniuc's first appointment as Lieutenant was to a little prairie town. When the holiday season came around, the Captain suggested that he should take his furlough. Toward this suggestion the Lieutenant was not favorably disposed, but like a good Soldier, obeyed—though somewhat uniquely.

A Rough Reception

Having nowhere in particular to go, and no friends to visit, he travelled some seventy-five miles to a little village of about 700 population, and there planned to hold meetings. He arrived on Friday night and secured a room at the local hotel. Next morning he got up early, offered prayer for guidance, and set forth with Bible in hand to engage in house-to-house visitation. Rather a rough reception was given him at several places, but he persisted in his mission and that day three claimed Salvation.

At night he mounted a chair in the Main Street and with autoharp accompaniment, commenced to sing, "I'll stand for Christ, for Christ alone." A large crowd gathered round, but they remained at some distance as though he were a strange animal! He was the first Salvationist to visit the village.

At the end of the meeting one gentleman invited the furloughing Officer to have dinner with him on

the morrow. The invitation was gladly accepted and put to good use, for when the opportune time arrived he spoke to the large gathering of friends in the home about Salvation. A prayer-meeting developed, which continued until everyone in the house was saved.

Later on Hraniuc commenced cottage meetings; before the "holiday" was finished, forty-five had been converted and the young enthusiast wrote to his Divisional Commander asking for a furlough extension. He stayed in the village until twenty-five more were saved, and quite a number were enrolled as Soldiers of The Army.

It became an Outpost at once, and a few months later the Territorial Commander opened the village as a Corps, appointing Captain Hraniuc in charge! That was the genesis of Roblin Corps, Manitoba. To-day there is a fine Hall and a thriving work in the place.

A Salvationist Outrider

Decidedly adventurous was young Hraniuc's next commission. He was sent forth to roam the plains of Southern Saskatchewan, as a Salvationist Outrider, a modern Peter Cartwright, taking comfort and cheer to lonely homesteaders and isolated ranchers. For two years he pursued this peripatetic course, and won hundreds of souls for the Master. He was the first religious teacher to enter many of the homes.

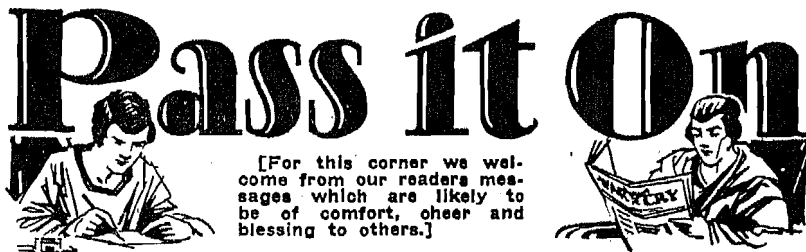
On one occasion he "blew" into a settlement at 10.30 on a dark night. Thousands of people were gathered there, for a stampede had been held during the day. At the time of Hraniuc's arrival a big dance was in progress on the open prairie. After getting permission from the authorities, the Salvationist proceeded with a meeting. The music, so different from the dance tunes to which the people had been listening, affected them to such a degree that they crowded about the lone figure, forsaking the dance, and the service continued for over two hours.

When it was over some of the cow-boys came and acknowledged that at one time they had known Christ, and asked for prayer. Many others, who had been touched, asked the Captain to be sure to hold some meetings in their schools. One old man of seventy-two said, "Captain, I'm a wicked old sinner; I really know better than this," and he began to cry.

A Timely Visitor

Hraniuc called at a home where the mother was sick. The two sons, who had stayed up nights with her for over a week, were tired out, and here the Outrider gave some real help by sitting up with the sick woman and letting the boys get rest and sleep. He remained for two nights. The woman did not recover, but she claimed Salvation before she died. The Salvationist stranger assisted with the funeral arrangements and conducted the service.

(To be continued)



[For this corner we welcome from our readers messages which are likely to be of comfort, cheer and blessing to others.]

THE POOR WOMAN'S MIGHTY MITE

ANOTHER Self-Denial has passed, and, to old Salvationists particularly, it brings remembrance of days when The Army was not appreciated as it is now. Although we did occasionally get the friendly word and help, we had very many rebuffs and sneers.

I was a Soldier when the first Self-Denial Effort took place, and an Officer the second year. I have done quite a lot of collecting in my time, both from house to house, and on the street. When permission was first given to stand on the streets, we were not allowed to ask for donations but only to shake our boxes, and we stood out the whole week including two Saturdays. In 1907 and 1908 I stood each year for sixty hours, in the mornings at the stations and afterwards at the Obelisk Corner, Lewisham, London, England.

In writing this, my object is to tell of a touching incident that happened there. Every morning Colonel Aaby, (then a Major and our Divisional Officer), on his way to Headquarters would come and enquire how I was getting on, putting something in my box. One morning I told him how I wished I could get a gold piece. On the second Saturday a poor little

old woman came when there was nobody much around and put a coin in my box. I thought to myself, "Poor old soul; she can't afford anything." Looking through the crack, I saw what looked like a bright farthing. At night, when the box was opened, we found it was half a sovereign.

When I stood on the same spot the next year, I wondered how I was going to fare. I left home at six in the morning as usual. When I hurried home for a few minutes during the day to get some refreshments my faith was tried. I had not been back to my stand five minutes, before, out of nowhere as it seemed, came my poor woman again. I thanked her profusely as she dropped her coin into my box. It was another gold piece. I am sure the Lord will have blessed her.

I stood collecting for sixty hours both those years, and got over £10 (\$50). During the past few years in Toronto I have stood at Lansdowne and Bloor, and during this recent Self-Denial Effort I don't think I had to ask a dozen people to buy a tag. I just shook my box, and found there was a very good spirit of giving, for I raised just over \$16.—Eva R. Barkley.

'WATCH AND PRAY, LEST YE ENTER INTO TEMPTATION'



A SPLENDID IDEA

Song Book Fund Ensures Good Singing in the Future

The latest event in the history of the Maisonneuve Home League was a program last week to raise funds for the new Song Books. In spite of the fact that Self-Denial had just concluded, and there was little time for preparation, a splendid amount was realized, and a large attendance recorded. The Corps Cadets from Outremont North assisted with two items, which were very acceptable. Major Thompson presided at this gathering, and as usual, made a very interesting chairman. Much credit for the success of this venture goes to the Secretary, Mrs. Titcomb.

The members of the League have had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Burrows, Mrs. Major Kendall and Mrs. Commandant Poole in spiritual meetings during the past few weeks.

A DAY OF BLESSING

DOVERCOURT (Field-Major and Mrs. Ellsworth)—We might well join our comrades of Earls Court and say that "Tchabod" is not written over our door. The Sunday meetings were led by Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Saunders, assisted by Captain Gennery, our own Officers and three Cadets, one of whom, Cadet Everitt, is an old Dovercourt boy. The addresses of Colonel and Mrs. Saunders were a great inspiration. In quiet, but incisive reasoning, backed by God's Word, and carried to our hearts by His Spirit, the inner meaning of justification, regeneration and Sanctification were taught in the morning lesson.

In the afternoon meeting we were more than delighted to see our Chief Secretary on the platform. He was enthusiastically received when he rose to speak. His short address and words of encouragement were listened to with marked appreciation. Cadet Whale gave an interesting page on his experience in Quebec. Captain Gennery gave the Bible talk and closed the meeting. A very fine turn-out marked the evening Open-air. The Young People's Band, reinforced by the Cadets and several Seniors, were to the fore, and acquitted themselves nobly. At the inside meeting Mrs. Saunders delivered a telling address. Cadet Kerr sang very feelingly, and the Colonel took the Bible lesson.—E.L.W.

TO HEAVENLY MANSIONS

NORTH SYDNEY (Ensign and Mrs. Everitt)—On May 13th we laid to rest Mr. Charles Clarke, who was one of our adherents. Our comrade had been sick for quite a long time. Our Officers visited him every week. When he was in good health he always attended The Army meetings. The funeral service was conducted at the home, by Ensign and Mrs. Everitt, assisted by comrades of the Corps. Our sympathy and prayers are with Mrs. Clarke who is a member of the Home League.

Just before his death our comrade testified to his conversion. Recently Willard Snow, one of our one-time Company meeting boys, was injured in an accident, and passed away. Our sympathy is with Brother and Sister Snow and family.

EARLSCOURT CORPS

(Dufferin Street, Toronto)

MUSICAL FESTIVAL

By EARLSCOURT BAND
Wednesday, June 10, at 8 p.m.

"WHOSOEVER WILL MAY COME"

People of Every Type Find Salvation and Complete Freedom at The Army's Mercy-Seat

TORONTO I (Ensign and Mrs. Gage)—The Great Physician has not only been near, but has also been operating in our midst, and on Sunday He used as His instruments, Major Hollande and her assistants from the Women's Hospital.

We had a good beginning in the Holiness meeting, when the Major commenced in real old-time style. This was the first meeting which the Major had taken part in at Toronto I, since her Cadet days, twenty-five years before. Consequently many memories were stirred up, which drew forth praise from the Major's lips as she remembered God's goodness to her in the intervening years. Ensign G. Gage and Lieutenant Anderson each gave a personal testimony. A very helpful Bible address was given by Adjutant Robinson.

The Salvation meeting proved to be a real battle for souls. Many things contributed to the helpfulness and success of this meeting. The vigorous leading of the Major, the lusty singing by the congregation, the earnest appeals from four Officer-nurses from Bloor Street Hospital, including Adjutant Robinson, Ensign Gage, Captain Cottle and Lieutenant Owen. Major Hollande read the Scriptures and delivered an earnest and convincing address.

Soon after the Prayer-meeting had commenced two young men knelt at the Penitent-form, seeking forgiveness of sins. As far as appearances go, the contrast between the two was great. One was dirty, dressed in ragged clothes; the other was clean and very well dressed. A touching scene was witnessed, when later, as they both stood at the Altar, the well-dressed man reached out his hand and shook hands with his less-prosperous looking fellow seeker. Just as the meeting had concluded another young man came forward and sought cleansing from sin. The prayer-meeting commenced over again, as we prayed this brother into the Kingdom.

VISIT APPRECIATED

CORNWALL (Commandant and Mrs. Wells)—On Sunday we held our Altar service, the result of which exceeded last year. Treasurer Cooke still keeps the champion banner. On Thursday the visit of Colonel Morehen brought a good crowd to hear him. The words of counsel and encouragement will help us to keep the old chariot rolling. On Sunday we had a real good day of Salvation fighting. Reinforcements came from Montreal. The message at night carried strong conviction to many hearts. — E. Holden.

"BIG BROTHER" EVENT

Salvation Family Figures in Helping Hand Effort

The "Big Brother" Festival, held in Toronto I Citadel on the evening of Wednesday, May 27th, was rightly named, for, not only was it the case of a larger Corps helping out a smaller one, but also of "big brothers" of a family helping out a younger one. The splendid program was rendered by the North Toronto Songsters, whose capable leader is Ensign John Wood, and the Band from the Brock Avenue Corps, of which Adjutant F. Barker is Commanding Officer. The proceeds of the evening were given to the Fairbank Corps, where Ensign Herbert Wood is now stationed. Major Wright, as chairman, was the right man in the right place.

In addition to several marches and selections given by the visiting Band and Songster Brigade, there were a number of other items which contributed much to the interest and variety of the program.

Recitations by Songster A. Worthy-lake and Sister Jean Thornton, a musical monologue by Ensign Chapman, and a vocal solo by Mrs. Ensign Worthy-lake, were all well rendered items. A unique item was the quintet, rendered by five members of one family. This included Bandmaster Wood (Fairbank), with his three Officer-sons, Adjutant Fred, Ensigns John and Herbert, and also Brother Alfred Wood. It was an impressive sight to see the father with two sons on either side of him playing to the glory of God. A musician of the third generation was present on the platform, in the person of Corps Cadet Violet Barker. A little later in the evening Corps Cadet Violet took her grandfather's place in the instrumental quintet.

Also worthy of note was the instrumental quartet, given by four Brock Avenue Bandsmen. Mrs. Ensign H. Wood read from the Scriptures.

Before Mrs. Brigadier Calvert prayed and pronounced the Benediction, Ensign H. Wood thanked all for their interest and the financial support given to Fairbank Corps.

100 PER CENT. INCREASE

CAMPBELLTON (Ensign and Mrs. Mercer)—Last week-end was the occasion of two special events, namely, the Self-Denial Altar service, which, in spite of the industrial depression showed a hundred per cent. increase over last year, and the enrolment of three new Soldiers under the Yellow, Red and Blue, for service for God and The Army.

YOUNG FOLK TO FORE

BEDFORD PARK (Ensign Russell, Lieutenant Gaylard)—Sergeant-Major Palmer, of Yorkville, conducted our services on a recent Sunday.

We are happy to report having smashed our Self-Denial Target.

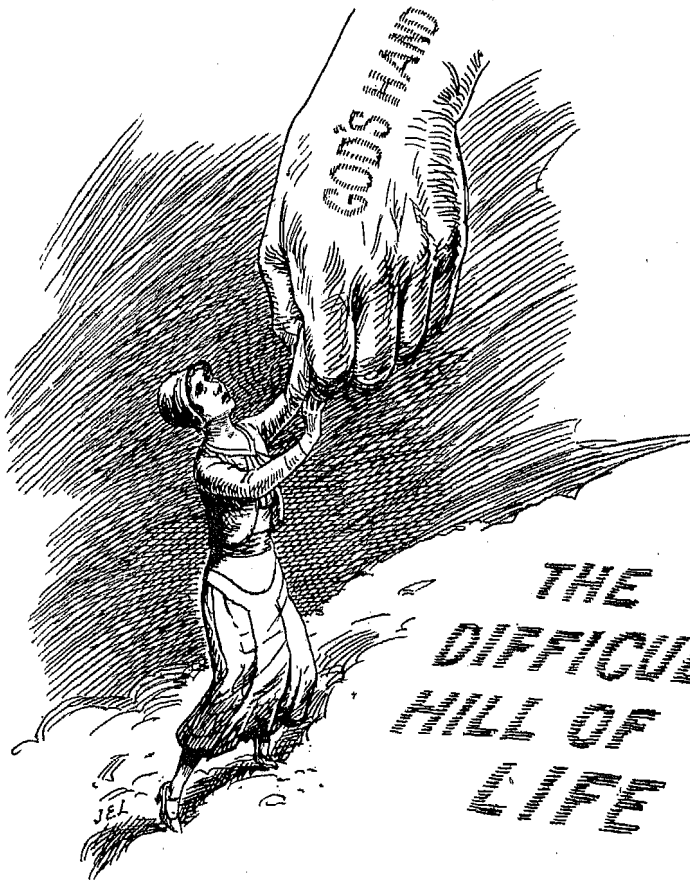
The Salvation meeting last Sunday was led by the Young People. A profitable time resulted.

FORTY YEARS' SERVICE

HAMILTON VI (Captain Lindores)—On Sunday Commandant Galway was with us. His Bible messages were a feature and brought much blessing. He visited the Company meeting and the Young People enjoyed his talk.

Last Sunday's meetings were also of blessing. Brother Parsons from St. Thomas, was a visitor at night. His testimony, after forty years of service, created a deep impression.

THE UPWARD LOOK



"MY FOOTSTEPS HAD WELL-NIGH SLIPPED." IF THAT HAND HAD NOT HELD ME UP

THE MOTHERING HEART

A Testimony from Mrs. Major Maxwell, Who, Hailing from Canada, Has Spent Many Years in Army Missionary Service

WHEN I was converted I was working in a large factory. I frequently prayed:

"O Lord, if You will only give me work amongst Salvationists I will be the best Christian in the world." But it was not to be.

Then I got the Blessing of a Clean Heart and spent the following nine years in that large factory, giving my testimony and leading girls and women to Jesus. That was one of my training grounds.

When I had answered the call for Officership, I got a very nice little billet in Newfoundland and then at the Toronto Headquarters. Then I volunteered for "the hardest place you can find," and was sent to India.

Perhaps you ask whether it has all been plain-sailing. I answer, "Yes!—all plain-sailing, as long as I have followed Jesus!"

Not All Easy

Has it all been easy? Well, hardly that. I have had my sorrows. I have had my difficulties. I have had my loneliness. But you wouldn't want me to tell you it all!

I have had to close the little eyes of the only child God gave to us and put the little form across our knees. Carrying the coffin thus in an Indian tonga, we made our way to the lonely cemetery with no white people to help us dig the little grave, with no loving hands to help us lower the little form into the dark grave, with no one to pray with us. Then we went home, to go on with our work.

Don't pity me, my comrades! Don't think I am alone! I am but one of thirty or forty Army mothers in India who have come to the same place.

Such experiences have all been wonderful training for me. I was able to make room in my heart for many little boys and girls to love big families of children. God has given me so many little ones to care for.

Once in Delhi we heard that over a thousand girls were to be thrust on to the streets by the closing of certain houses. I was the only Salvationist-woman there, and I felt I could not visit people who had lived as they had. Then I thought that for the sake of our own little one in Heaven I ought to go; so night after night and week after week I went out to the girls who so greatly needed care, and by the grace of God I was able to bring many of them into safety.

So God has helped me at all times. Once in Africa I had to carry the re-

(Continued in column 4)

Verbal and Pictorial Snapshots of Territorial Departmental Heads

A "PRO TEM" APPOINTMENT

Colonel Lutie DesBrisay Speaks of Her Forty-Three Years of Officership, and What They Have Taught Her

COLONEL L. DesBRISAY needs no introduction to the Salvationists of Canada East. In fact, she is well-known from coast to coast, for, prior to the creation of the Western Territory in 1915, all the Women's Social activities of the Dominion came under her command. For forty-three years she has served Canada faithfully and well, and is now holding one of the most responsible positions in the Territory, that of Women's Social Secretary.

Just over twenty years ago she was transferred to the Social, from the Field. That was a "pro tem" appointment, which has lasted ever since! For the past nineteen years she has capably filled the responsible post which she holds at the present moment.

Colonel DesBrisay hails from fair Charlottetown, our Prince Edward Island Province capital, as her home. She was one of the very first Army enthusiasts in the place, attending the meetings practically from the time of the opening. Forty-three years ago she declared herself an out-and-out Salvationist, making a public avowal of conversion at the Mercy-seat.

Her kith and kin did not particularly relish this "unseemly" conduct. Out of the kindness of their hearts they sent her away to pastures new—ostensibly to improve her health, in actuality with the hope that a new environment would cause her to forget The Army. But she did not forget. Upon her return she entered the Salvation fray with accentuated vigor.

"Those Were Pioneer Days"

Right from the first the young convert realized that Officership lay inevitably before her. Opposition of friends notwithstanding, she left home on July 9th, 1888, for the Garrison at St. John, N.B. Following four months of training—in which comprehensive category many activities of an almost nondescript character found their place!—she was sent to her first Corps. Those were pioneer days, and the new Officer simply revelled in the fight.

A great victory, which she recalls with pardonable pride, was won at Amherst, N.S. Open-air services were viewed with strong disfavor by the Mayor and his colleagues. The police were set on the track of the disturbers of the peace; but though threatened with imprisonment the intrepid party of Soldiers persisted in their alfresco

engagements against "the world, the flesh and the devil." One night the drum was captured from them and locked in the jail. Then the officials sat back and folded their arms, content in the comforting thought that an Army without a drum simply ceased to be an Army. But the strategy miserably failed. Young Captain DesBrisay organized a march and led her troops through the town, passing directly in front of the Mayor's residence!

Won the Day

The upshot of the whole matter was that the first citizen retreated from his position, had the drum restored—it was returned to the Hall by two burly policemen in the midst



Colonel Lutie DesBrisay

of a Soldiers' meeting—and from that time forth Army out-door activities in Amherst have never been questioned.

It was a privilege that the Colonel recalls with great pleasure to have been despatched to open the work in sunny Bermuda. And beside her Trojan service in the East, she commanded a number of Corps and districts in Ontario.

"What do you consider is the secret of the effectiveness of Army social operations?" "The War Cry" asked the Colonel the other day.

"In our work we invariably unite the spiritual with the social enterprises," she replied. "I have always considered that we do not fully succeed in any case unless we get the individual converted. We must convert, not only reform. That is where we differ from other societies."

The Modern Girl

When the problem of the modern girl who falls into the hands of the police was broached, the Colonel became deeply serious. This matter weighs greatly on her mind, and under her direction Salvationist police court workers are doing their utmost for the uplifting of endangered women. She attributes the greater part of the waywardness amongst young girls to a lack of home disci-

YOUNG HERO OF CHRIST

"You May Kill Me, But I Will Never Strike the Christ My Mother Loved"

In a certain Communist Sunday school which had been opened for the special purpose of denying God and reviling Christ, one method adopted for the accomplishment of the end in view was that of setting up a picture of Christ and teaching the children to mock at it. For one thing, the boys were instructed to march past the ikon, and as they went by to slap the face as a sign of contempt for Christ.

A boy whose mother, now dead, had been a good Christian woman and who had taught her boy to honor Christ, was sent to this school by his atheist father. Along with the rest he was ordered to slap the face of Christ; but, to the surprise of all, he stood in front of the picture with his hands clasped behind him.

He was told he must do the same as the others. But boldly he said: "No; my mother loved Him, and I will never strike Him." He was beaten and told that he would have to slap the picture; but he courageously and determinedly replied: "You may kill me; but I will never strike the Christ my mother loved."—H. Pimm Smith, Brigadier, Bombay.

THE MOTHERING HEART

(Continued from column 1)

sponsibility for a great family of boys. The Major was very ill. I had no neighbors to knock at the door and ask if they could help. The nearest white comrades were 150 miles away. I had no doctor to advise me. But it is wonderful how God helps us at those times!

On this night I had got all the boys off to bed and was leaving their rooms when a little voice called out:

"Mumma!"

"Yes what is it?"

"Mumma! You love me, eh?"

"Yes, mumma loves you!" Silence for a moment.

"Mumma! I had boy this morning."

"Yes, mumma knows you had boy this morning."

"Mumma! Do you love me now?"

"Yes, mumma loves you now?"

"You love me small — small, mumma?"

"No! Mumma loves you plenty, plenty!"

Just then another boy's voice broke in almost impatiently:

"You no savvy! Mumma be like Jesus—loving all the time!"

Jesus has loved me all the time and led me and used me, and I thank Him for all that has befallen me.

pline, and instruction in the facts of life.

And then, in thinking of the hundreds of workers who come under her command and who are this very moment laboring for the Salvation of such, she declared, "There is no work that a young woman could give herself to that is more worthy than this. The results in changed lives and refined character are infinite compensation for the crosses that must be borne!"

The Colonel's last word was an expression of deep thanks to God for all the opportunities placed in her hands for the uplifting of humanity during these forty-three years. Today, she can exclaim with the poet, "I have pleasure in His service more than all."—C.W.

HARD TIMES: Don Day writes a Dog Story with a Moral

HE WAS the commonest kind of dog with all the earmarks of the breed usually called a "yaller dog." His hair was scraggly and rough; he was far from clean; a few cuts and scratches about his head indicated a recent battle in which he had not fared too well. And worst of all, he had a broken leg.

Some one had bound up the injured limb; but it was a rough bit of surgery. The leg hung limp and the cloth on it was dirty and ragged. Taken as a whole that dog looked as though the "depression" had hit him hard; he was a sorry spectacle indeed.

But was he down-hearted? Not that you'd notice. As one leg was useless, he

held it off the ground and hopped along on the other three. His eyes were bright, his chin was held high, and his stump of a tail pointed straight at the zenith. He wasn't whining or asking for sympathy from anyone. He faced his bit of hard luck, grinned in the face of misfortune, and carried on.

And because of that "yaller dog's" pluck I straightened my shoulders a bit more, held my head a bit higher, and carried my burden a bit more cheerfully.

What about it, friend? Has hard luck got your shoulders sagging? Are you threatened with the blues? Come on, heads up! Lift your feet. Don't let a "yaller dog" beat you for courage.

"OH, LAMB OF GOD, OF LOVE SO OVERWHELMING":

"Oh, Lamb of God, of love so overwhelming,
My Sacrifice upon love's altar laid;
Who bore my shame, my soul from sin redeeming;
Oh, what a price for my poor soul was paid!
Oh, Lamb of God, no gift can e'er repay Thee,
No word or deed my gratitude express;
Only a heart abandoned to adore Thee,
And to Thy wand'ring sheep, to seek and find
and bless.

Oh, Lamb of God of gracious condescension,
My Substitute from Glory's throne on high;
For on my head there rested condemnation;
God has declared that all who sin must die.
Oh, Lamb of God of wondrous tender sympathy,
My load of sin broke Thy pure loving heart;
And since for sin there is no other remedy,
Oh, Lord, Thy healing, cleansing touch to me
impart.

New Words by Major Tutte to a Favorite Old Tune
("The Londonderry Air")

Oh, Lamb of God, of mercy so abounding,
Who else could stem this awful tide of sin;
Roll back its waves with power so astounding,
And such a triumph over evil win?
Oh, Lamb of God of grace so all-embracing,
My Sanctifier, dwelling in my soul;
My spirit quick'ning, and my nature gracing,
And making helpless, broken manhood on
more whole.



LIVING FROM TIN CANS

THE Toronto Daily "Star" recently published an editorial on the widespread habit, on this continent, of using tinned foods. In pre-war days, it was recalled, the housewife was disparaged who "fed her family out of a can"—the belief being common that home-prepared food was not only superior but essential to the general health of the household.

"But now all that is changed," says The "Star."

"In the cities, at any rate, the cellar shelves are no longer weighted down as they used to be twenty years ago. The housewife has found that the canneries buy up the best fruit, and that their product is now of an excellence and price that make it scarcely worth her own while to compete. If she does compete, it is in a smaller way than formerly. There is always in the back of her mind the knowledge that if she does let the strawberry season or the cherry season or the peach season slip by without doing any preserving, she will be able to buy the canned product almost as cheaply as she could have produced her own. At the very time, therefore, when gas and electric stoves were making preserving less of a drudgery, it began to go into a decline which shows no sign of abating. Living out of cans is no longer a joke. In the cities it is a fact."

That explains why the products of the fruit and vegetable packing industry in Canada increased from thirty millions in 1927 to thirty-five in 1928, and forty in 1929. And the race does not seem to be going into the state of invalidism!

BERRY DISHES IN VOGUE

Use berries in season in as many forms as possible. They are healthful, delicious, and with them you can prepare dozens of surprise dishes that will delight your family and your friends. Here are two:

FRESH BERRIES SUPREME

One package raspberry or strawberry flavored gelatin; 1 pint boiling water; ½ cup cream, whipped; fresh berries or strawberries.

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Chill. When slightly thickened, beat with rotary egg beater until of consistency of whipped cream. Fold in whipped cream. Place berries in sherbet glasses. Pile whipped gelatin lightly on berries. Keep in cool place until ready to serve. Serves eight.

RASPBERRY DELIGHT

One package raspberry flavored gelatin; 1 cup boiling water; 1 cup raspberry juice and cold water; 1 cup canned raspberries, drained.

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add raspberry juice and water. Pour ½ into mold. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in raspberries. Fill mold with remaining gelatin. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serve with sweetened whipped cream, flavored with almond extract. Serves six.



"PAINLESS LEARNING" FOR OUR YOUTH

The "Project Method" Brings Realism Into Schooling

PARENTS, who, as boys and girls, acquired an education at "desk's dull wood" by the oft-monotonous and unattractive methods in vogue twenty years or so ago, will have been impressed by the unique and sensible methods which are now becoming the vogue.

One of the newest ventures is what is described as the "project method," in which the pupil is given definite and clearly purposeful tasks—tasks that seem to the pupil to be worth while because they are similar to the tasks of real life.

I remember, as a lad, how fascinated I was at the thought of learning carpentry or some similar craft, by the medium of manual training. Then there were the Nature study walks! With what delight these excursions with the teacher invested the study of open-air life—a delight which has been intensified with the passing years.

With the method in question, the project must have a definite and practical end in which the child is greatly interested and an end which he wants to achieve. To the child, the most important aspect is the final result; not so the educator, who estimates the most valuable acquisitions to be the by-products of the task—the information, skill and enjoyment which are transmitted by the way.

What boy, for instance, will not take an interest in agriculture if given an acre of potatoes to raise? Or making twenty-five hens pay? Or managing five swarms of bees? This is the plan followed in Vocational Agricultural High Schools in the United States. Indeed the project method has spread to the entire secondary school curriculum.

One educator has described the method as "the stirring of the best that is in the pupil" to get him to work with pleasure to some definite end. His projects are classified into four types: 1.—The producer's project, the object of which is to produce something; a pan of biscuits, a poem. 2.—The consumer's project in which the subject enjoys or uses something already produced; a picture, a fact. 3.—The problem project, the purpose of which is to solve a problem. 4.—The specific learning project, the purpose of which is to inculcate skill.

No text books of predigested knowledge should be used, according to this educator, but books presenting the facts of history, geography and other subjects, in story form.

This system of "painless learning" will commend itself to parents. Young folk of school age, are fortunate to be living in an age when their interests are of such vital concern to educationists and government authorities.—W.

Conquering a tiny "Alexander the Great"

I WAS waiting to be served at a restaurant table when an attractive young woman and a three-year-old boy took the opposite chairs. While I was giving my order the mother fussed with the child to the extent of arousing his impatience, then she glanced over the menu card, smiled at her son and said: "What are you going to have, Harold?"

To me the scene at once acquired interest. A three-year-old was about to choose his own luncheon! Well, he wasted no time about it. Emphasizing his demand with a bang of his knife-handle upon the table, he declared in no uncertain terms, "I want doughnuts with syrup on them and fried egg!"

The young woman had, perhaps, noted my surprise at the proceedings, for her attitude changed. In what was almost a pleading tone she suggested, "Hot soup would be very nice this chilly day. See, I am going to have some, and so is this lady."

The boy looked from his mother's

face across to mine, entirely unconvinced. He refused the soup placed before him and again demanded doughnuts. I tried to help by commenting upon the excellence of the soup being so delicious, and led on to another subject. The mother took up the cue delightfully, and we ignored the boy who continued to make a nuisance of himself. I thought that his hunger would presently force him to capitulate, but he was overfed, so that bit of stratagem failed.

The mother calmly ordered a vegetable salad for both, which the boy scorned. I kept up a merry chatter as I saw that she was weakening under the strain of his noisy demands. But when I indicated a dessert on the menu, she smiled and ordered it. Harold was so captivated with the rosy baked apple and its whirl of snowy whipped cream topped by a red cherry, that he seized his spoon and began an onslaught. He even accepted a crisp cookie with his tiny glass of orange juice. We elders ex-

FOR JUNE BRIDES

THE following articles should be adequate for the hope-chest of the bride who intends to start her house-keeping in a modest home. Other pieces should be added from time to time: Eight sheets; four pairs of pillow-slips; two fancy quilts or spreads for top of bed; two comforters; two pairs of blankets; twelve each of bath-towels, wash-cloths, and linen crash towels for everyday use; six hand or guest-towels, fancy; two sets of linens for each dresser, chest of drawers or bureau; dollies and scarfs for other pieces of furniture; eighteen tea-towels; two luncheon-cloths with napkins; two short table-cloths for everyday use; twelve small napkins; one long tablecloth for guests; twelve napkins to match; two scarfs or centrepieces for dining-room table; two buffet-sets, China, glass and silver should be included in the hope-chest; and it seems best to have service for eight. That provides for entertaining visitors.

HOME LEAGUE SPIRITUAL MEETINGS (For June)

TORONTO EAST DIVISION

Bedford Park — Mrs. Major Spooner, Thurs., 26, 2.30 p.m.
Byng Avenue — Mrs. Colonel Attwell, Wed., 17, 2.30 p.m.
Greenwood — Mrs. Adjutant Pollock, Thurs., 25, 8.00 p.m.
Leaside — Mrs. Adjutant McBain, Thurs., 18, 2.30 p.m.
Riverdale — Field-Major O'Neill (R), Tues., 23, 2.30 p.m.
Rhodes Avenue — Mrs. Brigadier Ritchie, Tues., 16, 2.30 p.m.
Tadmorden — Mrs. Ensign Ashby, Thurs., 18, 2.30 p.m.
Yorkville — Mrs. Staff-Captain Snowden, Thurs., 18, 2.30 p.m.

TORONTO WEST DIVISION

Brock Avenue — Mrs. Major Ritchie, Wed., 17, 2.30 p.m.
Earls Court — Mrs. Staff-Captain Smith, Thurs., 11, 8.00 p.m.
Lisgar Street — Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Whitley, Thurs., 25, 2.30 p.m.
Rowntree — Mrs. Field-Major Hiscock (R), Wed., 24, 2.30 p.m.
Temple Corps — Mrs. Staff-Captain Mundy, Tues., 16, 8.00 p.m.
Weston — Mrs. Colonel Attwell, Thurs., 25, 2.30 p.m.

changed triumphant smiles and our visiting cards.

It was evident that the mother's manner was a new experience to the child. He watched her with puzzled eyes, and submitted to his outdoor garments without a word. She whispered in good-bye, "Your surprised look was a revelation and your sympathy and tact were inspiring. I mean to persevere."

MRS. INGE AND SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE

WRITING on the secret of her successful marriage, Mrs. Inge, wife of the Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England, says:

"At the outset of our marriage, we agreed that we should be happy together only if we were able to share our intellectual interests, and the best way to accomplish this seemed to be to make a common fund, as it were, of the pleasures to be found in poetry, philosophy, history and biography. Therefore, every morning, before we came downstairs, we used to read together for half an hour or so."

"Usually the Dean read to me. It was one of the happiest times of the day for both of us. When husbands and wives tell me that they are too busy to take an interest in each other's affairs, I reflect upon the way in which my husband—a man so overburdened with tasks that it seems incredible that he gets through his work—ungrudgingly spends his precious time in forging the beautiful link that binds our intellectual sympathies."

"I think that speaking objectively, the one helpful piece of advice that I might give young married women, if they

are willing to heed a woman rather older than themselves, is to the effect that there are few greater wrongs a wife can do her husband than to refuse to accept sacrifices that he is willing to make for her.

"Sometimes it is the easier way, I know, to encourage selfishness in a husband, and to excuse ourselves on the ground that it is a display of 'wifely devotion.' Actually it is to destroy character, which, to my mind, is as cruel as to inflict, deliberately, a physical injury. It is one of the paradoxes of human psychology that we love that person for whom we sacrifice ourselves and for whose sake we give up at least some of the things we want. Self-sacrifice imparts its own reward."

"The wife who cannot accept or even demand a consideration equal to that which she gives—secure as she should be in the knowledge that she, too, will have strength of character sufficient to thrust into the background her own will and her own desires when her husband's interest or wishes are at stake—jeopardizes gravely the love that the give and take of marriage should stimulate and develop."

THE DIARY OF AN INDIAN NURSE

PATIENTS ON MUD FLOORS—LYING AMONG THE COWS—PINEAPPLE AND PET RAT AS PAYMENT — GRATEFUL VILLAGERS' GIFT — AID REQUESTED FOR SICK BULLOCK



AT HOME I felt rather an important person, for was I not a State-registered Nurse? Then I came to India as an Officer—a Missionary Nurse, and am now realizing how insignificant are my attainments, compared with what is required of me.

My language, for instance, is very, very limited. I am never called to attend a normal case, the patient usually being in a state of collapse before the people will ask help of the unknown European Nurse, though I find with an increase of confidence that they are sending sooner.

In nine cases out of ten the patient is attended to on the mud-floor, ashes sometimes being spread for cleanliness. Sometimes a string bed is obtainable, but for the nurse that is often more uncomfortable than the floor.

True, in these cases I do not get in such a state as when working on the mud floor, but I often have instead a backache which is not so easily cast off as soiled clothes. (We wear white uniform, shoes, and stockings.) The room is often tiny, windowless, filled with smoke from a wood fire burning in the corner, and crammed full of women all claiming to be related to the patient, and very anxious to stay and see all the Miss Sahib does.

Sometimes a charcoal fire is to be found under the bed, or the patient may be found lying in one corner of the veranda, with the cows. If the case happens to call me at night the animals are not removed, and to get to the patient I may have to tread carefully. In such places and in such circumstances I am called upon to perform duties undertaken by a doctor at home in England. How often I find myself comparing the actual practice with the room theory, when the sister-tutor used to make it all so difficult! There is every conceivable difficulty here, and very often a great deal of tragedy. Payments, for example, make life more amusing than it might be. We never look for anything, but I smiled to myself as I left one case and was presented with a handful of coppers, one rupee (about 1s. 6d.), one pineapple, two

mangoes, and a white pet rat. I declined the rat!

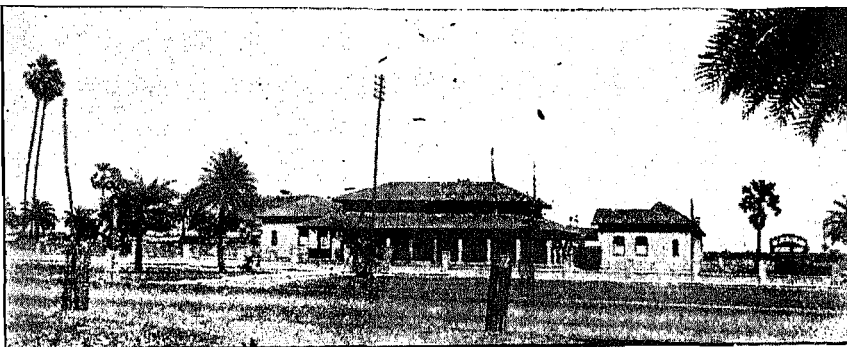
One very bad case I had a short time ago had been treated by a native doctor, who had failed to relieve the patient, so I was sent for. As her condition looked hopeless, I warned the relatives, but they begged me at least to do something for her, for should she die in such a condition, according to their religious beliefs, it would be a calamity.

I did what was then possible, gave stimulants hypodermically, and saline, and treated her for shock. The woman came round sufficiently to take a drink, the heart only being

in leaves, on a table in the ward, and a live hen! A patient's friends had gone to the tank and just caught the fish for me. Their tails were still flapping!

One day a man came along as I was trying to talk to some patients. He seemed very excited and agitated, but I could not understand what he was saying. So, turning to those nearby, I tried to discover his trouble.

They said he wanted me to go to a village, twelve miles away, to a patient who had been in such pain for three days; but when they named the village I felt I could not go. The



Front view of an Army Women's Home in India

kept going by stimulants. She died in less than two hours. When her death became known the whole compound was filled with wailing, lamenting people, some throwing themselves on the ground. It was not the time for me to say that the fatality could have been prevented, or to point out how much they themselves were to blame for delaying so long.

I came away after praying with them, glad I had at any rate helped to save the poor woman some suffering.

Every case to which I am called is not so terrible. One night I had been up many times, and knew the patients were all right, but was called again in the early hours of the morning—about 3.30. I did not feel very happy, but rose and went to the hospital. There I found two large fish, wrapped

roads were too bad, it being monsoon time. To go meant walking most of the way, with the risk of being stranded at the river if more rain fell. Also there were a number of patients in the hospital, and I did not wish to be away an indefinite time.

A HUNDRED POST CARDS

Two Stories Illustrating the Spirit of Perseverance Possessed by Japanese Salvationists

The Japanese spirit of perseverance does not cease to be a national trait even though the person be not among his own people. Two stories recently told by Commissioner Yamamuro recently illustrates this.

One, whom we will name Suzuki Ichiro (the surname first as in all Japanese names), emigrated to the Western States of America some years ago. He came under a godly influence that completely changed his life, and straightway he felt urged to get as many of his countrymen as possible to share the same blessing. He was so concerned about a man whom he knew to be an agnostic, that he constantly waylaid him, until the man refused to speak.

Nothing daunted, Suzuki purchased one hundred stamped post cards. These were posted, one per day, with some few words of personal testimony, a text, or a definite appeal to the man's soul. Long before the end of the store post cards had been reached, the agnostic claimed, and found Salvation. To-day he is a Salvationist, striving for the souls of his fellows, in a large city on the Western Coast of the States.

Another, named by us Ohara, is still carrying out a resolution made some months ago. Every night, on his return from work in the fields, whether tired out or not, he takes a hasty meal, attends to his toilet, and then sets out to visit two families. Each night he spends his spare time at the homes of different people, but two homes is his quota for visiting every night. No matter the weather, or the arduous day he has had, he continues the work begun over a year ago. The present cannot fully measure the good accomplished, but the future will see unfolded many surprises.

So I tried to advise him to bring the patient to the hospital, suggesting bringing her in a bullock-cart.

Then some one suggested carrying the patient on a bed, a method common in this country. The man began to make more excuses. Could I not come?

I said: "Well, you cannot be very anxious for your wife if you will not try to bring her, for I really cannot come."

He then exclaimed: "It is not a woman, but a bullock!" At which every one laughed. The man was much annoyed at our want of sympathy.

In this case I had no proper translator. One is very often reduced to working by signs, then wondering what the result will be. But we get through. And, best of all, we who are able to give some measure of relief to the body, as well as saving the soul, are kept happy by the wonderful evidences of the Love of God working in the people's hearts.

Distributing copies of Overseas editions of "The War Cry," as is her regular custom, amongst patients at the Orpington Servicemen's Hospital, Sister White, of Holloway I (Eng.), handed a copy of a Canadian issue to a man who opened it and found therein a photograph of his son in the uniform of an Army Officer. A delightful surprise for the patient, and a reward for this sister's fine service.

North—East—West—South

Picked Up From Our International Battlefield

Commissioner Hugh Whatmore has been conducting the Latvian Annual Congress.

Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Palmer have arrived back in England from Norway, where they have just concluded a profitable campaign.

Life-Saving Guards from Holland took part in the Young People's Day at the Alexandra Palace, London, recently.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. E. Grimes, of West Africa, where the Colonel is the Territorial Commander, are now in London for their furlough.

Brigadier and Mrs. Lindvall, of Brazil, where the Brigadier is the Officer Commanding, are visiting their homeland, Sweden.

Mrs. Ensign Collier, who has been on furlough in England, passed through Toronto last week on her way back to Canada West. The Ensign is in charge of the Winnipeg Citadel Corps. In the course of her holidays Mrs. Collier (who is a daughter of Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Turner) has seen a good deal of The Army's work in England and on the Continent. On the voyage

home she accepted responsibility as the conductress of a party of emigrants who are travelling under The Army's guidance.

Long words do not frighten the members of the Translations Bureau of International Headquarters. At the moment the Bureau is dealing with a translation of "Orders and Regulations" for

TARKASTUSLAUTAKUNTOJA, which is the Finnish way of saying Census Boards.

It had been arranged for Commissioner and Mrs. Hoggard to conduct the Annual Congress in Iceland, but, owing to indisposition on the part of the former, Commissioner Wilson will be visiting this northerly part of the British Territory to lead the rejoicings.

News is to hand of the indisposition of Commissioner Peyron, Territorial Commander for France and Belgium. The trouble is not serious, and it is hoped that the Commissioner will soon be quite well again.

Major and Mrs. Maxwell, after long years of service in India, and East and West Africa, have just retired from active service in Vancouver.

"THE CITY OF REFUGE"

Great Scheme in Paris for Centre for Army's Social Work is Progressing Favorably

Commissioner Peyron's great scheme for the erection of a big central building in the south of Paris, to be called "The City of Refuge," and used as the chief administrative centre for our Social Work in France, is progressing favorably. The total cost of the City of Refuge building proper is estimated at 7,000,000 francs (approximately \$272,500), but there are other schemes associated with the Appeal which will bring the total estimated cost to about \$437,500, and towards this an amount of nearly \$233,300 has already been raised in actual cash or definite promises. A site has been secured from the Paris Corporation at a nominal figure, and the builders are now busily engaged.

Affiliated with the City of Refuge Scheme is a proposal to erect on a site of land near the centre of the city a four-storey building to be used as a Home for young men and boys. It is hoped to complete this building by about the end of August. There will be 130 beds, 100 of which will be in separate single rooms.

ADVANCES IN FINLAND

Helsingfors City Council have granted to The Army a site on which it is proposed to erect a big composite building to house Shelters for men and women, Creche and Home for babies, Slum Centre, Baths, Offices for Social Secretaries, as well as Halls for Helsingfors V Corps, and Club Room for boys.

Early next month it is hoped to open a splendid new Eventide Home in Helsingfors, in an excellent position on the outskirts of the city and near the sea. There will be accommodation for twenty old ladies.



SELF-DENIAL INGATHERING

THE COMMISSIONER

Presides, in the Temple, Over the Annual Celebration—Mrs. Hay, the Chief Secretary and Others Participate

COMMISSIONER JAMES HAY,
Territorial Commander,

James and Albert Sts., Toronto, Ont.
Printed for The Salvation Army in
Canada East and Newfoundland, by The
Salvation Army Printing House, 20
Albert Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of
The War Cry (including the Special
Easter and Christmas issues) will be
mailed to any address in Canada for
twelve months, for the sum of \$2.50,
prepaid.

All Editorial communications should be
addressed to the Editor.

GENERAL ORDER NEW SONG BOOK

On and after July 1st, the new and
enlarged Song Book must be brought
into use at all Salvation Army Corps
in Canada East and Newfoundland.

Personal and Corps supplies are
now available at Toronto and St.
John's, Newfoundland.

JAMES HAY,
Commissioner.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTION—

To be Major:
Staff-Captain Francis Ham.

APPOINTMENTS—

Commandant Annie Mabb, to Prison
and Police Court Work (Toronto),
Women's Social.
Adjutant Mary Bishop, to Territorial
Headquarters.
Ensign Reta Down, to Women's Hos-
pital, Hamilton.
Captain Olive Cameron, to Women's
Hospital, Halifax.
Captain Annie Barron, to Working
Women's Hostel, Montreal.
Captain Irene Bowerman, to Receiving
Home, Toronto.
Pro.-Lieutenant Winnifred Hearn, to
Women's Hospital, Hamilton.

JAMES HAY,
Territorial Commander.

IMPORTANT CHANGES

Affecting Japan, India and
Kenya

THE General has decided upon the
following changes and appoint-
ments affecting Territories overseas.

Brigadier Bowyer, who for the
past four years has been General
Secretary in the East Africa Terri-
tory, has been appointed as Assist-
ant Chief Secretary in the South
India Territory. The Brigadier has a
record of twenty-three and a half
years' service in England, South
Africa, and East Africa (Kenya).

Brigadier Segawa, who has served
for twenty-one years in Japan, his
native land, and whose appointments
have given him service on the Field
and in Training operations, and also
as Social Secretary and Staff Secre-
tary, has been appointed to be Field
Secretary in Japan, a position he will
fill with credit to himself and to
Japan.

Brigadier Mrs. Sashida, who was
an able helper to her husband prior
to his promotion to Glory in the
earthquake in Japan in 1923, and has
since filled the position of Women's
Chief Side Officer at the Tokyo
Training Garrison, has now been ap-
pointed as the Principal of the
Japanese Training College (Men and
Women) situated in Tokyo.

Brigadier Uyemura, who, during
twenty-four years' service as an Of-
ficer, has had wide experience of both
Field and Staff work in Japan, and
has been for the past five years
Principal of the Japanese Training
Garrison, has been appointed to the
position of Territorial Social Secre-
tary for Japan.

After nine years' service on the
British Field, Brigadier Bigwood was
appointed to Japan, in which Terri-
tory he has served eleven and a half
years, and where his last appoint-
ment was Field Secretary. He is
now on the way to East Africa
(Kenya), to which Territory he has
been appointed as General Secretary.

Comrades everywhere will, we are
sure, pray that God's blessing will be
upon these important changes, and
that His Kingdom may be extended.

"HAVING done all—" Again
and again these words came
to mind as we sat in the
Temple, Toronto, on Thursday eve-
ning. The Commissioner was in com-
mand, supported by Mrs. Hay, the
Chief Secretary and Mrs. Dalziel, and
the Territorial Headquarters Staff.
Field Officers were there in force.
Local Officers and Soldiers and
friends packed the building uncom-
fortably and the Temple Band occu-
pied a central position on the plat-
form, from which martial music was
dispensed.

The occasion of our gathering was
the wind-up of the Self-Denial Cam-
paign with the announcement of
Field, Social, Divisional and Terri-
torial results. There was no studied
or staged display, yet every Salva-
tion Army meeting is a demonstra-
tion in itself, and this one was no
exception.

A Grim Struggle

From a consideration of the figures,
given elsewhere in this issue, the
reader will derive an impression of
the grimness of the struggle through
which the Blood and Fire forces of
Canada East and Newfoundland had
fought their way since the 1931 Self-
Denial Effort was launched. And
here they were represented by com-
rades who, "having done all," gave
God the glory, took fresh heart of
grace and set off upon the next duty
with characteristic courage.

Something of a missionary flavor
was imparted to the proceedings from
the singing of the opening song,
"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
doth his successive journeys run,"
and Colonel Adby's prayer which
followed maintained the idea, for the
veteran Officer prayed for Java,
China, Korea, India and those other
non-Christian lands which must ever
excite such money-raising enterprises
as that we were about to consum-
mate.

Aptly sensing the emotion of the
moment, the Commissioner led the
assembly in singing, "Take my silver
and my gold, not a mite would I with-
hold." When next he was upon his
feet our Leader was reading a Scrip-
ture portion and speaking of the
many prayers which had been offered
on account of the great annual en-
deavor. The heathen, he added, had
a close relation with the Self-Denial
Effort, for Christianity is essentially
a missionary religion.

The Old Guard

Judge the drama of the moment
when, having referred to the incep-
tion of the world-famous "Week,"
the Commissioner, entirely typical of
himself in staging unrehearsed hap-
penings, called upon all present who
had participated in that first Self-
Denial offering, in 1889, to stand. Ah,
the passing of the years! How few
there were of the Old Guard to tes-
tify! There was none the less a thrill
at that juncture, notwithstanding the
familiarity of the elements compos-
ing the grouping.

Our indebtedness to the faithful
workers who have toiled unremitt-
ingly in the interests of the Fund
was also made clear by the Commis-
sioner who, speaking of the devotion
of the special collectors, said: "They
have done particularly well!" The
Field Officer is wonderful, the Com-
missioner added, for the manner in
which he copes with his many prob-
lems. As for the women Officers,
they were worthy of special mention.
Nor did he overlook the Local Of-
ficers, friends and children who had
helped so liberally.

Mrs. Hay's tender word of appre-
ciation of the part played by the
women of The Army in the Self-
Denial Effort was redolent with

knowledge of the multiplicity of small
sacrifices which go to make up the
sum total. The Chief Secretary, who
read the Territorial list of figures,
also had something to say along the
same lines. A quick observer he has
learned many things regarding the
manner in which the Salvationist
spells out devotion in abundant self-
negation, which may be translated as
a wealth of denial; this to the glory of
God and for the blessing of the under-
privileged in any and every land.

Colonel DesBrisay, amidst much
demonstration of enthusiasm, an-
nounced the figures affecting the



Mayor Rossi, of San Francisco, handing the key of the city to the
General and Mrs. Higgins on their arrival in the coast metropolis for the
U.S.A. Western Territorial Congress Gatherings

Women's Social share in the great
Effort, Lieut.-Colonel Sims doing
similar service for the Men's Social
Department. Lieut.-Colonel Saunders
told stories of Cadets' activities in
connection with the annual event.
Brigadier Ritchie, representing the
Toronto East Division, and Brigadier
Burton, Toronto West, found the
gathering hanging upon their words.

"Go-Getters"

Youngest of Toronto Corps, Lea-
side, was honored by the Officer being
called to the platform to explain how
it came about that such a splendid
sum was raised by so few workers.

Staff-Captain Snowden, who, dur-
ing the nine years of his association
with the Subscribers Department, has
raised a quarter of a million dollars
for The Army; Staff-Captain Hurd,
another doughty "go-getter," and
Staff-Captain Bunton, who has made
a specialty this year of collecting in
Chinatown, all had characteristic
things to say about the Campaign.
Staff-Captain Mundy contributed his
quota by leading the gathering in
chorus-singing, and the Salvation
Singers, led by Mrs. Staff-Captain
Mundy, gave two valued items.

Leaving the historic meeting-
place, with the strains of "Praise God
from Whom all blessings flow" re-
echoing in the heart, and hurrying to
the popular street car, we found our-
selves being transported northwards
and homewards to the rhythmic re-
iteration of these words—"Having
done all—Having done all—Have-
ing done all—we give glory to
God!" And there we take leave of
the 1931 Self-Denial Effort, while we
face the next duty to hand, going
forward with high courage, answer-
ing Him who said: "Follow thou Me!"

"WE'LL BE HEROES, TOO!"

Massey Hall Commissioning to
Witness Striking Prelude

"HEROES of Faith," the title of
the prelude to the actual
Commissioning of Cadets,
over which the Commissioner will
preside in the Massey Hall, on Mon-
day, June 22nd, promises to furnish
thrilling food for thought.

The presentation, based upon the
Paulian review of notable figures
of history, will be impressive to a
degree, and a heightened effect will
be achieved by the clever manipula-
tion of the platform setting.

"Faith" has been the dominant
word with the Cadets of the 1930-31
Session, and the concluding display,
ere they adventure forth from the
Davisville Training Garrison to take
their places among the Officers of
The Army, will be a fitting finale.
There is sure to be a crowded house
on this occasion.

Actually the Special Gatherings, of

which this will be the spectacular
culmination, will occupy the whole
of the week-end. The list of events
will open on Saturday evening when,
in the Auditorium, Davisville Avenue,
Toronto, Mrs. Commissioner Hay will
preside over a farewell musical pro-
gram.

Sunday, a Great Day of Rejoicing,
will be spent by the Cadets, their
Training Principal and Staff being
with them, in the Temple, where the
Chief Secretary, Colonel W. R. Dal-
ziel, will conduct three enthusiastic
meetings.

The Dedication of the Cadets, in
the Temple, on the Monday afternoon,
will be presided over by the Commis-
sioner. One word of warning—Come
early if you would be sure of a seat!

COLONEL JOSEPH PUGMIRE

Toronto Salvationists will relish
the opportunity which is being af-
forded them on Monday, June 8th, at
Toronto Temple, of hearing Colonel
Joseph Pugmire, who has been acting
as aide de camp to the General and
Mrs. Higgins during their Campaign
in the U.S.A. The Colonel is affec-
tionately remembered in Canada
East, where he served for a number
of years.

The Colonel is spending a few days
in the Queen City, on his way back
to London, visiting members of his
family, and he will be particularly
pleased to meet again his son, Lieut.-
Colonel Ernest Pugmire, who, after
spending many years in Japan, lat-
terly as Chief Secretary, is now also
in Toronto, pending his new appoint-
ment.

West Toronto Band will be present
at the International visitor's meeting.

CONSECRATED MEN AND WOMEN ARE WANTED

(See page 13)

THE SELF-DENIAL APPEAL

A WONDERFUL RESPONSE FROM ALL PARTS OF CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

In spite of record depression and unemployment, a total of \$240,737.00 is recorded

Comrades and Friends:

It is my privilege, as it certainly is my duty, to promptly and wholeheartedly thank you for the splendid response you have made to our Self-Denial Appeal. Though I appear to be crowded with evidence from practically every Division that conditions are more desperate than any we have yet faced, by far the greater majority of our people have fought bravely, and have sought to act worthy of the glorious cause for which we stand, and the work we are determined to help.

The result has been disappointing to some, I admit, and we are all sorry it should be even a little less than in 1930, but, on the other hand, the response has been simply wonderful. Crowds of our own people have not earned a quarter of their usual income this past year, and a like or even greater number of the public who would gladly have helped, have been unable to do more than fifty cents, or even five cents, whereas in former years they gladly responded with a dollar or more.

Happily a considerable number of new givers have been reached, and in this I must congratulate our Territorial collectors and financial representatives who have worked so splendidly and hopefully in spite of what they so well knew as to the scarcity of money.

I shall be delighted to report to the General of the hearty effort made and the result secured, which I am sure, in the circumstances, he will regard as deserving of esteem and gratitude.

My comrades! Inasmuch as you and I have carried through this another annual Appeal for our Lord and Master, that He should be honored, and that His work might be helped, just in that proportion shall we be blessed.

I am sure I am personally grateful. How wonderful is gratitude!

How many thousands up and down our land bless God more and more for this great work of love and mercy. Let us devote ourselves with a deeper love to these manifold activities of our dear Army.

James Hay.
Commissioner.

JUST TWO YEARS AGO

JUNE 16TH WILL RECALL THE PROMOTION TO GLORY OF

GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH

THERE is a sense in which the anniversary of the Promotion to Glory of General Bramwell Booth, which occurred on June 16th, 1929, inevitably recalls also the memory of his beloved father, the Founder of The Salvation Army. They were an amazingly matched couple of Leaders, the like of whom the Organization will scarcely see again.

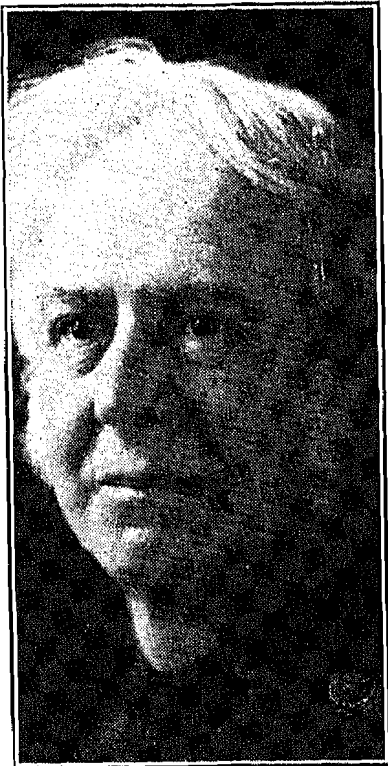
A prophet, indeed, William Booth saw beneath the surface of things, sensing the sorrows of the people, and the sting of their sin; but when he hungered to cope with the problems affecting the masses, it was Bramwell Booth who organized his yearnings, giving them concrete and permanent expression.

Seizing upon the potentialities of the Young People surging about The Army in every land, the Chief of the Staff, as he was for thirty years to his father, devoted himself to the building up and training of an Army within The Army. Thus was he called, in due time, The Young People's General.

Possessed of the soul of a Missionary, he inspired The Army in remarkable developments of its work amongst the non-Christian people throughout the world.

Outstanding among us as a litterateur he exercised a powerful influence upon The Army's Press the world around, the books bearing his name being but a small token of the potent labors in which he engaged in this regard.

It is good to realize that the prayers of Salvationists everywhere on their behalf have been abundantly answered in the Divine comfort which has been vouchsafed to Mrs. Booth and her family, all the members of which are working as Officers in The Army they love so well.



General Bramwell Booth

COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH

Addresses Distinguished Gathering

On Sunday afternoon, May 31st, the Commander addressed the 143rd Presbyterian General Assembly, at Pittsburgh. This is said to be the supreme court of the largest Presbyterian body in the world, and the assemblage was composed of two thousand ministers, and also two thousand commissioners, these being official delegates bearing official credentials from the Presbytery to which they must report; they include bankers, professors, lawyers, physicians and successful business men.

Owing to the presence of the Commander, the period from 3.30 to 4.30, was declared a popular meeting, and members and adherents attended in large numbers. Over 4,000 were present in the Syria Mosque, and 2,500 were present in the Soldiers' Memorial Hall, where the Commander's address was radioed to an overflow meeting.

This address was entitled "The Stride of God," and was a remarkably brilliant and comprehensive survey of the progress and character of The Salvation Army in which the Commander broke a lot of new ground.

The Commander's utterance, despite an unfavorable physical condition, was simply splendid. Her perfect enunciation, bell-like voice, and thrilling fervor held for an hour that great

(Continued at foot of column 4)

The 1931 Self-Denial Effort

TERRITORIAL AND DIVISIONAL TOTALS

(These figures are necessarily not yet complete)

HAMILTON DIVISION	\$ 27,549.00
Brigadier Macdonald, Divisional Commander.	
Commandant Galway, Young People's Secretary.	
HALIFAX DIVISION	13,410.00
Brigadier Tilley, Divisional Commander.	
Major Eastwell, Young People's Secretary.	
LONDON DIVISION	22,203.00
Major Best, Divisional Commander.	
MONTREAL DIVISION	45,900.00
Lieut.-Colonel Burrows, Divisional Commander.	
Staff-Captain Ursaki, Young People's Secretary.	
NORTH BAY DIVISION	7,500.00
Major Owen, Divisional Commander.	
OTTAWA DIVISION	15,180.00
Brigadier Bristow, Divisional Commander.	
Staff-Captain Nellie Richards, Young People's Secretary.	
SAINT JOHN, N.B., DIVISION	15,500.00
Staff-Captain Riches, Divisional Commander.	
Staff-Captain May Ellery, Young People's Secretary.	
SYDNEY DIVISION	5,043.00
Staff-Captain Wilson, Divisional Commander.	
WINDSOR DIVISION	10,450.00
Major Ham, Divisional Commander.	
Adjutant Stevenson, Young People's Secretary.	
TORONTO EAST DIVISION	30,104.00
Brigadier Ritchie, Divisional Commander.	
Adjutant McBain, Young People's Secretary.	
TORONTO WEST DIVISION	39,398.00
Brigadier Burton, Divisional Commander.	
Adjutant Green, Young People's Secretary.	
NEWFOUNDLAND, CHIEF DIVISION	8,500.00
Total	\$240,737.00

TERRITORIAL NEWSLFTS

Sympathy will be felt for Brigadier Tilley, of Halifax, mother, Sister Mrs. Pinn, away recently. Mrs. Pin buried in her home country, foundland.

Ensign and Mrs. Hobbins, of rolla, welcomed a baby girl to home on March 24th.

There passed away in Ti other day a schoolmate o Bramwell Booth, in the Mrs. Harry Stewart. Shu years of age. The funeral ducted on Tuesday afternoon sign Jolly, of Danforth. O pathy and prayers are exte the bereaved.

Our sympathy is ext Captain Ellen Milford of the Hospital, whose father pas in Toronto on Tuesday mori

(Continued from column audience of divines and cul men in thrall, except when way to applause, which was and prolonged. At the c many ministers voiced thei and a well-dressed Japanes man informed the Commande the result of her address accepted Christ. Rev. William H. Oxtoby j invocation and Rev. J. A. S Director of the Department Welfare of the Presbyterian presided.

A Page For Our Musical Fraternity



Creating the Right Atmosphere

A Talk on the Purpose of the Band's Sunday Night Selection

Hence, there is in this direction plenty of scope for the development of atmosphere.

But to return to the playing of songs. How many Bands are there, I wonder, who recognize the responsibility that is theirs for creating the correct tone or atmosphere in the Salvation meetings? And yet they form a most powerful force to help in producing this. The Bandmaster can be, and is greatly helped, as in all things pertaining to his duties, if he constantly reminds himself that the work in hand is God's work, and that He alone can give wisdom and power to enable him to successfully bring about such results as are here spoken of.

Whilst many, perhaps all, admit how great is the variety of the song-tunes at our disposal, a large number fail to see the possibilities of variety of mood and style in the playing of any one particular tune.

Variety in Mood

The one tune may be played in a manner that subdues all minds and thoughts to a serious contemplation, while, with different treatment, it may raise our thoughts and feelings to exaltation and praise. "St. Alphège," for instance, can be used as successfully in wedding services as in funeral services; in the former case the words commencing "The voice that breathed o'er Eden," are interpreted in the latter "Brief life is here our portion." It is the style or atmosphere created in either case, apart from the words, which makes the tune applicable to either ceremony.

This diversity does not rely on such methods as change of tempo or of dynamic, but on the spirit of the rendering. If we are to achieve any specific results in this direction the idea must first of all be born in the mind of the Bandmaster, who, by concentrating his whole thought and

attention thereon animates the minds of the men under his baton, who pass the feeling on to the congregation, thus inviting all to think of the governing idea of the meeting.

It is certainly a very wonderful power that one mind can exert over the minds of others, especially if the dominating mind be subject to the influences of the Holy Spirit. What a contagion of holy influence can overtake a meeting if the Bandmaster's mind is focused on this matter, and is able, as I have stated, to pass on its idea, sentiment, or emotion to the people through the medium of the Band!

What a Responsibility!

Similar atmospheres can be, and often are, created by the playing of selections, but in the matter of song-tune playing, when the congregation is singing the words, all minds are centred in the idea of these words, and consequently more ready to respond to and assimilate the governing idea. This is undoubtedly one of the ways in which these influences are created. What a responsibility, then, is on Bandmasters of The Army, not only to God and the people, but to the leader of each meeting. To a large extent through their Bands they prepare the ground for the reception of the seed to be sown in exhortation by the speaker who follows.

Just one other word. Whilst most Bandmasters do probably recognize and value this wonderful power, and ever seek to cultivate it, they must guard very carefully against the temptation to exploit it for self-aggrandisement. It has always been God's plan to use the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. A good motto for Bandmasters in this matter would be the words of John, when he said, concerning Jesus, "He must increase, but I must decrease." —Band-Inspector Saywell.

OPEN-AIR CAMPAIGNING

St. John Citadel Band Spends Strenuous "Away" Week-End

The St. John Citadel Band visited St. Stephen last week-end, accompanied by Staff-Captain Riches and their Corps Officers, Ensign and Mrs. Ellis. A stop was made for an Open-air service at St. George, where they were greeted by Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens and a number of comrades from the St. Stephen Corps. Other Open-airs were held at St. Andrews, Calais Maine, as well as at St. Stephen, on the Saturday.

On Sunday morning the Band divided forces, one half attending the service held at Calais Maine, the other half remaining in St. Stephen, where the Holiness meeting was conducted by Staff-Captain Riches. On Sunday afternoon the meeting was held in the Citadel, and at night, in the United Church. The Staff-Captain, Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens, and Ensign and Mrs. Ellis gave forth ringing testimonies and words of appeal, and great blessings were felt by all.

On Monday Open-airs were held at Lubec, Maine, Welshpool, Wilson's Beach, and Eastport, Maine, and then a final Musical Festival was given at the United Church in the evening, where the program was enjoyed by all.

Much blessing was felt throughout the visit. The Band worked in splendid spirit.—T.D.

MORE NEW SONGS

"The Musical Salvationist" for May, 1931

Twelve pages of music, not counting the Young People's Supplement, are here presented for our Salvation singers. Writers, old and new, and of many countries are represented, and though most of the pieces are for Brigade use, some fare is provided also for soloists and male voice parties.

An interesting inclusion is an old favorite, "Some day the silver chord will break." The copyright owners have granted permission for its inclusion in this volume, and it will be heartily welcomed by both soloists and Brigades.

The Supplement contains two effective little songs for the Young People.

A GALA OCCASION

Peterboro Band Concludes Week-End at Lindsay

Last week-end was a gala occasion for the people of Lindsay, when a reunion was held in the town. There were many visiting Bands, but none drew the attention of the people like the Peterboro Temple Band, which came on the Monday to bless the people of Lindsay, following their week-end with the Chief Secretary at Fenelon Falls, reported in our last issue.

A march through the town brought the Band to the Hall, where Home League Secretary Mrs. G. Carew, and her workers, had a splendid tea ready. The ensuing rousing Open-air attracted hundreds of people. Not only was music given to these people, but the Bandsmen gave testimony of what God had done in their lives and could do for all.

Later a program was given in the Victoria Park. Throngs of people stood throughout the whole evening and enjoyed the music thoroughly. Adjutant Jones accompanied the Band, and Adjutant and Mrs. Bond, the local Corps Officers, thanked the Band for the visit, and for giving their talent for the blessing of the people of Lindsay.

Brother Schofield, an old Lindsay comrade, who was a visitor during the week-end, gave testimony to God's goodness.—B.

Co-PARTNER MUSICALE

North Toronto Citadel

MONDAY, JUNE 15th, 8 p.m.

Choice Talent from many sources North Toronto Songsters

Major Pitcher presiding

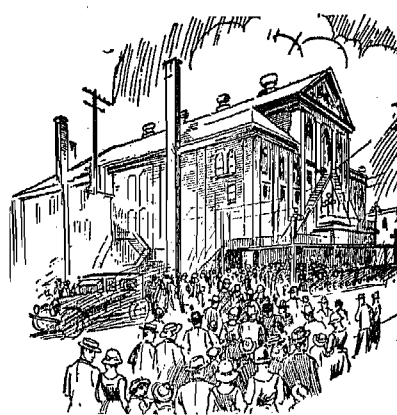
Program - - Twenty-Five Cents

COMMISSIONING OF CADETS

1930-1 "FAITH" SESSION



Special Gatherings



SATURDAY, JUNE 20th at 8 a.m. FAREWELL MUSICAL PROGRAM

DAVISVILLE AUDITORIUM

MRS. COMMISSIONER HAY WILL PRESIDE

SUNDAY, JUNE 21st, in the TORONTO TEMPLE 11 a.m., 3 p.m., 7 p.m.

GREAT DAY OF REJOICING

LEADER: COLONEL W. DALZIEL

MONDAY, JUNE 22nd

MONDAY, JUNE 22nd

AT 3 P.M.

AT 8 P.M.

IN THE

IN THE

TEMPLE

MASSEY HALL

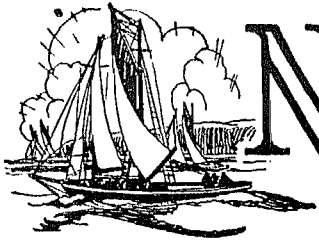
THE COMMISSIONER PRESIDING

COMMISSIONER JAMES HAY
IN COMMAND

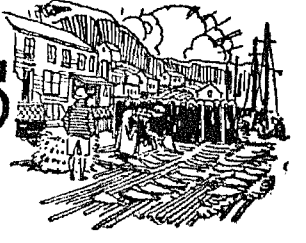
Dedication Service



Cadets' Commissioning



Newfoundland News



In the Better Land

BROTHER A. SENIOR, Flat Islands

Death has taken from our midst a young comrade, Brother Archibald Senior. When visited by the Officers and comrades he assured them that all was well. The funeral service was conducted by Lieutenant Sturge, assisted by Corps Sergeant-Major Miller, and was largely attended.

SISTER MRS. STAGG, Bonavista

Bonavista Corps has suffered the loss of another of its old and faithful warriors, Sister Sarah Stagg. For many years "Mother" Stagg was known as a godly Salvationist and a woman of prayer.

Our Sister was given an Army funeral, Lieut.-Colonel Bladin and Ensign Brown officiating. A memorial service was conducted by Commandant Woodland, the Corps Officer. Among the speakers was her son, Young People's Sergeant-Major Stagg, who spoke highly of his mother's godly life and influence and the many times he had heard his name in her prayers. The Songsters sang very effectively.

We are rejoicing over a smashed Self-Denial Target. The comrades worked hard, and their faith has been rewarded.

Secretary and Sister Duffett have suffered the loss of their only child, Pansy Louise. Our sympathy goes out to the bereaved parents.

FORGING AHEAD

BONAVISTA (Commandant and Mrs. Woodland)—Bonavista is forging ahead. During the Campaign over one hundred seekers, including the young people, claimed pardon.

Thirteen Senior Soldiers were recently added to the Roll, and seventeen Junior Soldiers.

Two splendid new brass instruments have been added to the Band, while four new members have been welcomed. Under the leadership of Bandmaster Sam White, the Band is making good progress.

A Warrior Crowned

Triumphant Passing of Field-Major Peter Sainsbury, Gallant Soldier of The Cross

FIELD-MAJOR SAINSBURY, gallant Soldier of the Cross, consistent preacher of Holiness, Christian gentleman, has answered his Heavenly Commander's final call and entered into Higher Service. No "falling of the sword from nerveless



Field-Major Peter Sainsbury

hand" for this fearless fighter, but in the final test, with a note of exultancy, he rang out the challenge: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" He asked the comrades around his bedside to pray and to sing "Precious Promise," "for," he testified, for the last time on earth, "they have never failed." While the singing filled the room, eternal calm descended and the warrior's spirit went Home.

At the age of fourteen years, at Wesleyville, Peter Sainsbury gave himself to God, and at once became an earnest winner of souls. It is doubtful whether, since that time, he ever spoke to a man or woman for the first time without the enquiry, "Are you saved?" And few Officers,

whether his leaders, or whether his juniors in rank, touched his life without being asked by this ardent Salvationist as to how they fared in their spiritual experience.

High government officials, wealthy business men, humble cottagers, degraded sinners hearing the news of the death of this saint of God, all had one thought uppermost in their minds: "That was the Salvationist who talked to me about my soul."

An indefatigable worker and an irrepressible enthusiast, Peter Sainsbury's memory is commemorated in concrete form in many a Citadel, School and Quarters, either built or remodelled by his own skill in carpentry, and Soldiers tell of hearing the rap of his hammer in the dawn and his voice raised in praise as he labored at the building or the restoration of some house of God.

The promoted Officer's career began in June, 1900. He has commanded the largest Corps in the country, as well as having had responsibility for the Districts of Pilley's Island, Grand Falls, Dildo, Twillingate, Carbonear, Bonavista and Grand Bank. In 1909 the Major married Lieutenant Maud Miller, who with her son, Howard, and two daughters, Ruby and Jean, is left with the memory and influence of a godly husband, and the children a loving father.

Great success has followed his soul-saving efforts, and the number of Soldiers he has made is counted by the hundreds. Young Officers carry precious memories of his counsel and advice, given unobtrusively and with a spirit so free from criticism as to win and retain confidence. If ever an Officer of The Army unflinchingly and consistently preached, talked and strived to exemplify holiness of heart, it was Peter Sainsbury.

Numerous messages of sympathy and condolence have been received from far and near, ranging from the beautiful floral tribute of the Prime Minister to the humble card sent by a poor child.

The funeral service was conducted by Staff-Captain Cornick, assisted by Ensign Butler, in the St. John's I

OF POWERFUL INTEREST

Mother's Day Fittingly Celebrated

CORNER BROOK (Commandant and Mrs. Lodge)—Mother's Day will not soon be forgotten; deep impressions were made and valuable lessons taught. In the afternoon the Young People, with Y.P.S.-M. Anstey, and their Company Guards, occupied the platform, which was tastefully decorated.

Special song sheets were used, and inspiring congregational singing was heard. Singing by the children, recitations, a short address by Envoy G. Butler, and a quartet, Mother's Bible, all tended to make the service one of powerful influence. When the young people, from the tiny tots to those well advanced in the teenage, gave their pink flowers to their mothers a very touching impression was made, which was heightened when about fifteen children wearing a white flower placed it on the table, forming a wreath around the Bible, while we sang, "In the sweet bye-and-bye."

The service at night was well attended. Tender and loving gratitude for godly mothers was expressed by those who spoke, and a duet, by Commandant Lodge and Envoy Butler, who both wore a white flower, proved very telling. Mrs. Lodge, in her address, spoke of a mother's influence and responsibility.—G. Butler, Envoy.

Hall, which was filled. Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Bladin read a message from Commissioner and Mrs. Hay voicing appreciation of the departed warrior's service, and sympathy with the bereaved. She also delivered a message from Lieut.-Colonel Bladin, who, to his great disappointment, was forbidden by the doctor to leave home.

Commandant Ebsary spoke in memory of his old-time comrade and the male quartet sang very feelingly. The funeral cortege wended its way to The Army Cemetery, led by the united Corps Bands, and in the presence of many old comrades whom he had led while the Commanding Officer at St. John's I and II Corps, the Field-Major's body was committed to the grave. His spirit goes on, multiplied in power and influence in the hearts of hundreds of Newfoundland Salvationists.—B.

GOODWILL! SOME OF THE LEAGUE'S ACTIVITIES and CONQUESTS

THE Goodwill League now in operation in England, is seeing remarkable results. People of all classes are "joining up" to lend a hand to the unfortunates of life, as the following eloquent items taken from the British "War Cry" testify:

A lady chiropodist is spending one full evening per week at an Army Slum Post in Southwark to attend to the foot troubles of the poorest.

A poor woman living at the seaside in one room, and receiving only parish relief, has offered to accommodate another poor woman for a week or two's holiday.

A cripple woman is sewing small garments from material supplied by comrades in her Corps.

A little parcel of personally-knitted garments has been received from an old lady of eighty-six.

Last Sunday a church in the country held an "Egg Sunday," and as a result the East End Slum Posts received 100 eggs.

A lady living in the county is organizing a "Flower-picking" Brigade; the flowers to be received at the Slum Post and distributed to sick slum people.

A working-class woman is saving a little extra each week so that when her family take their holidays she may pay for a poor woman and baby to go to the The Army's Holiday centre, at Tankerton, Kent.

These are a few of the "Ideas for Service" passed on to members of the Goodwill League in the first monthly news-letter to members.

Much progress is reported.

The aged, lonely, and sick are being made the special care of individual comrades and friends in many places, while young people are taking old folk to meetings in a bath chair, or by whatever means they can devise.

"God answers prayer!" declares the compiler of these notes, adding "a few examples."

At Everton, Liverpool, the Slum Department had long urgently needed a decent building. They had to cope with rats, a "ghost," and other troubles, also miserable accommodation. The outlook was hopeless, but in a very wonderful way possession has been obtained of the "Pub" at the end of the street, providing excellent accommodation. The publican helped us to get it! The poor women

of the district scrubbed, white-washed, and papered; one woman had a text painted on the window in memory of her departed husband. Some wonderful conversions have since taken place.

Living in the East End of London is a man who was a desperate character. On one occasion the gang to which he belonged believed he had "given them away," and tattooed on his forehead the word "Judas," and a serpent. He was at one time converted, and had the brand removed from his forehead by a painful skin-grafting operation. For many years, however, he was a terrible backslider, disfigured, and utterly derelict.

The Officers made his conversion a matter of prayer. He did not attend the meetings, but a few weeks ago, just as the Ensign was finishing the Bible-reading, the door opened and this man tumbled in and knelt at the Penitent-form. A great change has taken place. This is an answer to prayer, and we shall now pray that he may find honest work.

The League of Goodwill is an association, in prayer and self-giving (Continued on page 13)

SUNRISE SERVICE

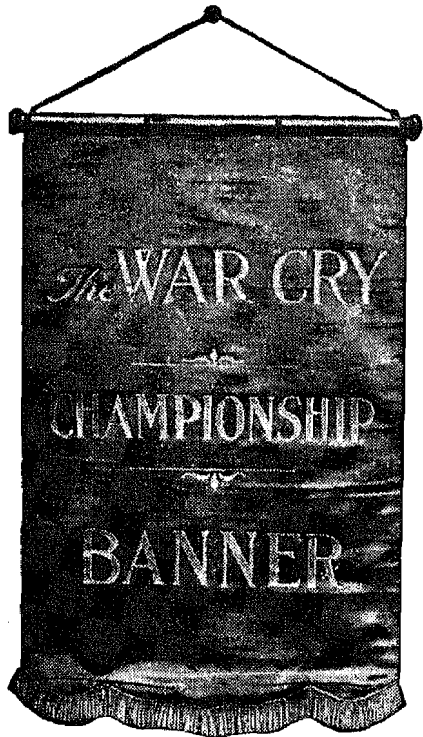
Toronto Temple Band Sta Activities at 7 a.m.

On Sunday at 7 a.m., in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, the ple Band (Bandmaster Hugh Gregor) at the request of the TC Prayer Union, provided music a annual sunrise service held in church, presided over by their P dent, Judge Emerson Coatsworth.

At the close of the service, Judge Coatsworth, in moving a vote of thanks to the Band, said that this was only one of the good turns The Army was continually doing.

After partaking of a light breakfast, served by Sister Mrs. Lewis and Sister Cocking, the Band dispensed music at St. Michael's Hospital prior to the commencement of their usual operations. In the afternoon the Summer series of Open-air services was commenced in Allan Gardens, where a large congregation heard the Salvation story in music and song.—W.M.

YOU CAN PUSH FORWARD
THE WORK OF GOD BY
PUSHING "THE WAR CRY."



The Banner is now held by
BUCHANS CORPS, Nfld.,
(Ensign Churchill)
For the highest increase in
"War Cry" sales proportionate
to the Soldiery, during May

THE CHAMPIONSHIP BANNER

Retained by Buchans for Second
Month

The Championship Banner, which is awarded to the Corps which makes the highest increase in "War Cry" sales, proportionate to its Soldiery, has been won for the second month in succession by Buchans Corps, Newfoundland, which, during the month of May, increased its sales to an extent equal to four times its Soldiery. Well done, Buchans!

ARE YOU AMONG THOSE WHO HAVE SIGNED THIS FORM?

THE MODERN AND ACTIVE ORDER OF "WAR CRY" PEPPERGISERS

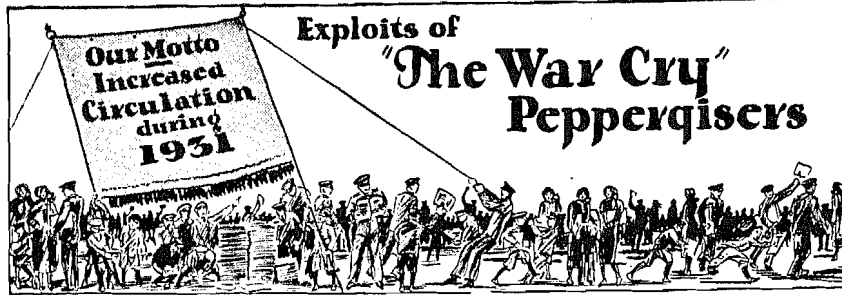
BEING CONVINCED that I should do something more to forward the interests of the Kingdom of God, and being assured that such an end can be achieved by this means, I beg that I may be enrolled as a member of the Order above-named, for a period of six months, at least.

And I promise, God helping me, that I will, each week, dispose of copies of "The War Cry" chiefly to people who are not at present readers of that organ.

Signed

Corps Date

**SIGN AND SEND TO THE EDITOR, "THE WAR CRY,"
20 ALBERT STREET, TORONTO, ONT.**



CONCERNING ADVICE

ADVICE is usually cheap enough; but should it be cheaply regarded always? The story is told of an Aberdonian who suffered from internal complications. He consulted a physician and received this curt advice: "Give up the drink!"

The Scot pondered the matter a moment and then, sadly shaking his head turned to leave the doctor's office.

"Stop a moment," urged the medico, "you haven't paid me the fee for the advice."

"Dinna fash yersel," came the answer, "Ah'm no takin' it."

How far that man's point of view may be said to influence our readers we cannot say, but the fact we would stress is that advice in plenty has been offered under the above heading since this feature was introduced to "The War Cry," and we desire that the best use should be made of same.

Freely offered, as it is, this counsel should be as freely accepted and acted upon, in the interests of all concerned—the Kingdom of God, The Army, and "The War Cry" itself, not to speak of the reflex action upon the booster sales person (the Energiser having pep) and the purchaser.

Concerning advice, consider the word from another angle. The Editor would be happy indeed to receive, in any form at all, indications regarding the sale of "The War Cry" at any Corps. Send in your intimations—stories showing the people interested in our paper; what they say; how they esteem our pages; what blessing is derived; what new people attracted. We know of some; advise us of more.

Your camera; your desire to use it, where possible, for the glory of God. Will you take our advice in this? Try it on "The War Cry" sellers—the Peppergisers. Catch them "on the job"—at the door of a purchaser; on the streets trying to make a sale; going out full-handed; returning empty and glad. Send in clear prints and see what use we will make of them. Urge the "Cry" seller to operate in uniform; it makes a much better picture—and our pictures go around the world. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

Make sure, in all "War Cry" selling, that you "Go with God," to use the Oriental salutation. Don't copy the little daughter of the Officer who had received farewell orders. She was saying her prayers the last night they were to spend in the Quarters of that town and she added to her usual petitions this choice token of her perturbation: "Well, good-bye, dear Lord; I'm going to Montreal to-morrow morning!" No, no; let it ever be the Peppergiser's sustaining thought, that, in the work of distributing the "White-winged Messenger of Salvation," he goes ever and everywhere with God. For, verily, God is in his work. We have received innumerable manifestations of that fact.

Just a closing word re the Championship Banner holder. Ensign Churchill, of Buchans, Newfoundland, has "done it again." His increase during last month just outstripped his nearest challenger and so he has the honor, for the second month in succession, of leading the field for proportionate increase. More power to your elbow, Ensign Churchill. May your comrade-Officers in the sea-girt Dominion emulate your splendidly-courageous example.

One of your envious comrades in Canada East has been wondering if there is anything in the name of the place where you labor for God and souls. He thinks the way to pronounce that name is to emphasize the first four letters, making them

WEDDING BELLS RING

Young People's Workers United
at Long Branch

The first Army wedding in the history of Long Branch Corps was a very interesting event. On May 21st Ensign Warrander united in marriage two of our young comrades, Young People's Sergeant-Major Nellie Bulgin and Scout-Leader Lawson Baker. The Hall was packed for the occasion.

After the singing of the first hymn, "The voice that breathed o'er Eden," Mrs. Ensign Warrander prayed God's blessing upon our comrades. Adjutant Green read words of counsel from God's Word and also led in the singing of the closing hymn.

Ensign Lightowler spoke on behalf of the bride who has been a faithful Soldier of this Corps for a number of years. Brother Wicksey spoke very highly of the groom, who has recently



Niagara Falls II newly-formed Corps Cadet Brigade. All are good "War Cry" boomers and we shall expect to hear of soaring sales in the near future. Captain Marskell (on right) and Lieutenant Trickett (on left) are the Corps Officers

been commissioned Scout-Leader. Our best wishes are extended to Brother and Sister Baker, and we pray God's richest blessing upon their united lives.

seem to rhyme with *pluck*. He fancies that you find something to "buck you up" in that word. But we have corrected his error in this regard, showing him that the sound corresponds more nearly to *book*. Now have we hit on something here? Is it not a fact that to take the Banner from you he will need to book a good big order for additional supplies of "The War Cry."

Here we are then with our final advice to one and all—the winners of the Championship Banner are the Book-uns! Who follows? Who challenges Ensign Churchill?

TED. A. PEPPER—GAINS REINFORCEMENTS

Sixteenth Episode



"EMPRESS" ANNIVERSARY

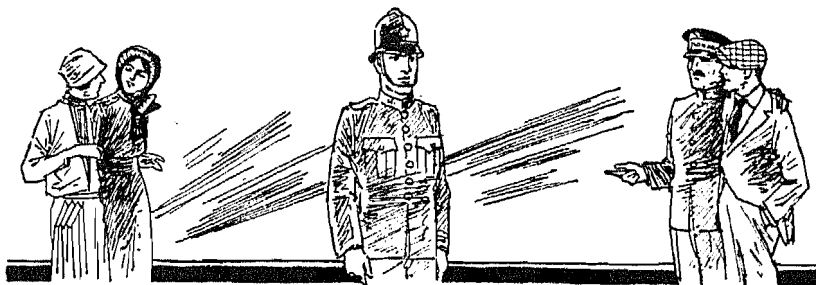
(Continued from Front Page)

anniversary. Never had the date passed, however, he said, but that an overwhelming flood of memories had been awakened.

The presence of the Commissioner and Chief Secretary was a kindly gesture to the memory of the dead. Stationed at the International Training College, in London, when the disaster occurred, the Chief Secretary witnessed the devastating effect upon the Salvationists at The Army's centre. He added an appropriate word of comfort.

Graphically the Commissioner described passing the spot shortly after the tragic happening, and of the token of respect paid by the ship's passengers. Gratefully he recalled the promoted Major Hugh Findlay, who worked under his direction for a considerable period. He urged those gathered to allow this anniversary to speak to them and to remind them that eternal issues were of far greater import than material.

"God be with you till we meet again," was tremulously lifted in song, ere Colonel McAmmond brought this solemn service to a close with prayer. It was the tune last heard played by the Staff Band from the decks of the "Empress of Ireland," and borne to the ears of the watchers on the Quebec Wharf, who waved farewell, little reckoning that the refrain, "Till we meet at Jesus' feet," would, within a few hours, have a literal fulfilment.



CORRESPONDENCE FILES

Which Yield Human-Interest Storyettes

A VERITABLE El Dorado for the copy-seeker are The Army Police Court Officer's correspondence files. Of course it would not do to let the prying news-hunter loose in such a place, for the files contain the deep secrets of burdened hearts, secrets that are buried from the world. But with a guide at hand to select the permissible, those files yield a harvest of deeply human-interest storyettes.

Here is an extract from a mother's letter to Staff-Captain Bunton. The Staff-Captain rendered assistance to her boy who faced a serious charge in a Toronto court.

"It seems such a long time to be parted from my boy," the heart-broken mother writes, "but I know you have all done your very best for him. I am sure I don't know how

to put in words my gratitude to you for all you have done for H—in his great trouble. I only wish we could show you how thankful we are."

Seven years ago a man appeared in an Ontario court, facing a charge of murder. An Army Officer who happened to know the circumstances was convinced that the man was not guilty—and convinced rightly as later events have shown.

The Officer got in touch with The Army in the man's home town in England, and succeeded in getting a perfect report regarding his character. The accusation was changed to manslaughter, and he was given fifteen years.

For seven years the Salvationist has interested himself in the case, maintaining communication with the man's wife in the Old Land. The other day the Governor-General granted the man his release. A thankful letter from the wife was at once despatched to The Army Officer, part of which we quote:

"I am deeply grateful to you for your kind efforts on behalf of my husband," she writes. "I shall always remember you with gratitude, and I do hope W— will keep straight. I will do all I can to help him."

And we could continue to quote such cameos by the dozen, letters that literally breathe the pathos and the gratitude of broken hearts.

This branch of Army work represents but one way in which the Organization is seeking to uplift humanity, physically, socially, and spiritually. All praise to God for what has been accomplished.

Coming Events

COMMISSIONER & MRS. HAY

TORONTO TEMPLE, Sun June 14, Life-Saving Scout and Guard Divine Service Parade (morning only)

TORONTO TEMPLE, Mon June 22

(Dedication of Cadets, 3 p.m.)

MASSEY HALL, Mon June 22 (Commissioning of Cadets, 8 p.m.)

Mrs. Commissioner Hay

Davidsville Auditorium, Sat June 20

(Cadets' Farewell Musical Program)

COLONEL DALZIEL

(The Chief Secretary)

Lisgar Street, Wed June 10

Stratford, Sat Sun June 14

Toronto Temple, Tues June 16

Toronto Temple, Sun June 21

Toronto Temple, Mon June 22 (Dedication of Cadets, 3 p.m.)

Masse Hall, Mon June 22 (Commissioning of Cadets, 8 p.m.)

Windsor, Mon June 29

West Toronto, Sun June 5

Colonel Adby (R): St. John's, Nfld., Sat

Mon June 22 (Welcome of Brigadier and Mrs. Burton)

Mrs. Colonel Attwell: Welland, Mon

June 15; Niagara Falls, Tues 16

Colonel McAmmond: Toronto Temple, Sun Mon June 22; Lisgar Street, Mon

29

Colonel Morehen: Hamilton IV, Sat Mon

June 15

Lieut.-Colonel Saunders: Earls Court, Sun

June 14

Brigadier Hawkins: Dunnville, Sat Sun

June 14

Major Best: London I, Wed June 10;

Exeter, Thurs 11; Stratford, Sat Sun

14; Goderich, Mon 15; Forest, Tues 16;

Woodstock, Fri 19; St. Thomas, Sun

21; London II, Mon 22; Strathroy, Tues

23

Major Ham: Windsor III, Wed June 10;

Windsor IV, Thurs 11; Windsor II, Sun

14 (morning); Windsor I, June 14

(night)

Major Spooner: Todmorden, Sun June 14

(night only)

Staff-Captain Coles: Guelph, Sat Sun

June 7

Staff-Captain Ellery: St. John I, Thurs

June 11; Moncton, Sat Mon 15; Sussex,

Tues 16; St. John III, Fri 19; St. John

II, Tues 22; St. John IV, Sun 28

Staff-Captain Riches: St. John I, Thurs

June 11; Campbellton, Sat Sun 14;

Newcastle, Mon 15; Chatham, Tues 16;

Moncton, Wed 17; St. John II, Tues

23; St. John IV, Fri 26; St. John II,

Sun 28

GOODWILL

(Continued from page 11)

service, of those who will follow Christ in caring for the poorest. Each member promises:

To pray daily for the poor, suffering, sinful, and especially those to whom God is a stranger—praying in private, and, wherever possible, together with League members.

PUTTING SELF TO DEATH

Inspiring Examples in the Experiences of Salvationists

AN OFFICER once told in my hearing of the days when she laid her Candidate's Forms on her bed, with her mother's photo alongside. She spent the night in prayer, and, receiving a clear conviction as to what was her duty, her mother was laid upon the altar; her Forms were filled in, and then in the stillness of the early morning she stole out to post them, lest the enemy should tempt her to change her mind. Readers will understand what an anchor to the soul such a deep conviction has been in times of strain such as come to all.

An Officer who had just returned to his Quarters from an Officers' Council went straight to his box, and, bringing out a small bundle of letters, tore them up, saying, as he did so, "This is burning my last bridge." They were references from his former employers. "I am now fully committed to God for life-long service." His life was made more useful from that point onward in consequence of that uttermost giving up to God.

Risked His Life

Many years ago a lassie Officer was stationed in a little village where the fight was very difficult. She had worked and prayed for six months, but not one seeker had she seen at the Mercy-seat. This so distressed her that one day she felt she had come to the end of her resources. She called to consult with her Divisional Commander, and asked if he thought the village where she was stationed could be won for God if she were willing to die for the people. "I've done everything I can think of," she said, "and now I am seriously thinking of asking God, if it will save the people, to allow me to die for them. I am quite ready."

I have never forgotten the tears, the agony, the desperation of that earnest face. I could not doubt her sincerity. At a subsequent Officers' meeting we all knelt in prayer, bringing the special needs of this Officer and village to God. The result of her consecration was not death, but life. A break came in a most unusual way, and the Corps wondrously improved.

Over the supper table in a friend's house where I was billeted, I heard that through a devoted Local Officer in the town deep impression had been made on that family. As followers

of Christ they were anxious to help a godless family, whose case they referred to this humble Local Officer. He visited the house, and invited the father to attend the meetings.

Pointing to his well-worn boots the man said, "You surely don't expect me to come in such boots as these, do you?" The invitation was pressed, but the man positively refused, whereupon the Salvationist said, "Rather than that you should not come, I'll gladly exchange boots. You take mine." The man and his family were won for God, and friends made for The Army.

Willing to Die

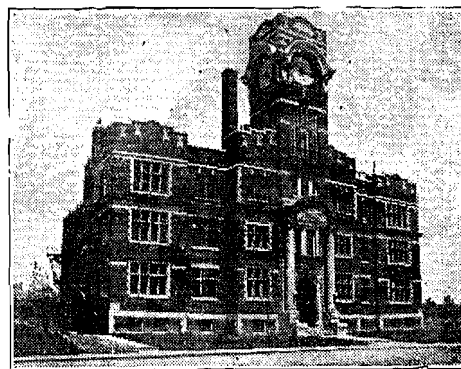
At the close of one of the hot seasons a terrible cholera scourge swept through the whole of the Telugu country, Southern India, and several Indian Officers and a number of Soldiers succumbed to it. In one village alone occurred sixty deaths, then as though that were not enough, the mighty River Krishna overflowed its banks, and wrought havoc and distress everywhere around.

The Ensign who had been placed in charge of the Division most severely affected both by the cholera and the floods had a very difficult time indeed.

He walked miles and miles up to his waist in water to get to his people and try to help and cheer them. Many of them had fled to one or two small hills just out of reach of the water, and here the Ensign assisted them in putting up small, rough huts comprised of palmyra leaves, that they might have some shelter. From one cholera-stricken village to another he went, and though the people themselves begged him to go away for his own sake, he risked his life day after day by water and cholera.

After walking about all day he reached a village near midnight. At four in the morning he was aroused by the shouting of a man, who begged the Ensign to come and see his wife, who had been attacked by cholera. He went and for nine hours fought for her life, working at her with all the strength he had; but he had not been called in time.

God wonderfully preserved and upheld him, and the people whom he so faithfully served and stood by in their time of great trouble respect him beyond all words.—S.E.



CANDIDATES!

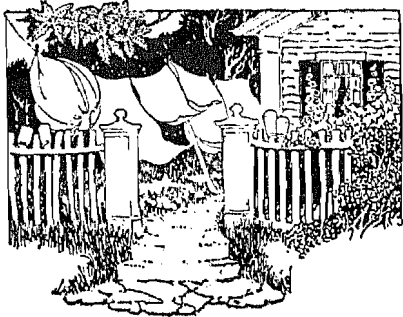
ATTENTION!!



The Candidates' Board is now giving close attention to the settlement of applications for the next Training Session—

WOULD YOU TO BE THERE?

God and Souls call for Holy
Ghost men and women who
are ready and willing for
Army Service



Is Anybody Sick In Your House?

Here is a Letter Which, Perhaps, Will Cheer the Sufferer

By the late Commissioner Booth-Tucker

there was nothing left but the poor stump of his body? He said to the nurse, "Do ask the doctor to give me some poison to finish me off! What is the good of living like this?" But the nurse said, "Oh, no! The law would not allow the doctor to do such a thing."

"Well, then," said the soldier, "write and ask the king for his special permission to finish me off." The nurse told him that it was no use. But he would not rest till somebody had written the letter asking the king to give his permission for the doctor to finish the poor man off, as he could be of no more use. And what do you think the king answered? Yes! The king received the letter and answered it, and this was what he said:

He Needs You

"Your king needs you." And they tell me that when the man came out of the hospital he was given a position in the king's palace!

Well, now, that is the King of Heaven's message to you! *He needs you!* He wants to visit you in your sick-room and to talk to you there. And some day He wants to receive you into His palace, where you'll never be sick any more! That is the special message He has told Angel Sickness to bring to you.

Have you seen Him? Have you heard Him—your King—King Jesus? Perhaps if you had not been sick, you might have forgotten Him, as so many do. Or you might not have had time to listen to Him. But now you

have plenty of time. Oh, listen to Him! Talk to Him!

This is only a little letter. I must make it short. But after some one has read it to you, or you have read it yourself, just close your eyes and say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." That was what Samuel said, and we may say it, too. Ask Him to forgive you your sins.

If you don't know exactly what to say, or do, get some one to ask The Salvation Army Captain to call and see you. Or, perhaps, you know somebody else who loves Jesus, and can tell you all about Him. Send for them, and let them pray with you. God can heal your body if He likes. But He does not always do that. Yet, He always heals the soul that cries to Him, and He provides a place in His beautiful palace above!

Here is a verse which may help:

*Sickness, thou antechamber
Of Heaven, approach to God;
Ladder by which we clamber
From earth; our Father's rod!
Welcome, since thou dost bring
me
Sweet messengers of love,
Angelic songs to sing me
Straight from my Home above.*

FAIRBANK CORPS, TORONTO
(553 Harvie Avenue)

SALE OF WORK
Tuesday, June 16th

Opened at 2.30 p.m., by
Mrs. Adjutant Green

WE MISS YOU!

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar, should, where possible, be sent with enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address Lt.-Colonel Sims, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, in the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

In the case of women, please notify Colonel DesBrisay, Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

MCKECHINE, Samuel Stewart—Dark hair; dark complexion; height 5 ft.; broad shoulders. Last heard from 26 years ago. Sister enquires. 18410

URSTO, John—Age 36; height 5 ft 4 ins.; black hair; dark eyes; shallow complexion. Birthplace, Dundee, Scotland. Occupation, machine man and general laborer. 18491

PALFRAMAN, John Alfred—Born 1877; height 5 ft. 7 ins.; dark hair, turning grey; blue eyes; swarthy complexion. Native of Selby, Yorks. Brother enquires. 18493

BULKELEY, David—Age about 65; Welsh; fair hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Worked in lumber camps and C.P.R. Spent about seven years in Cardiff, Wales, also worked few months on Liverpool Street Tramways. Thought to be in United States or Canada. Sister anxiously enquires. 18487

BEAUMONT, Richard James—Height 5 ft. 7½ ins.; fresh complexion; dark brown hair. Belonged to the 18th Royal Irish Regiment; served in South Africa in 1899. Wife enquires. 18488

JONES, Walter B. Kendrick—Age 40; height 5 ft. 9 ins.; dark hair; brown eyes; fresh complexion. Birthplace, North Wales. Occupation, soldier (demobilized). Wife enquires. 18421

NIELSEN, Carlo Johannes—Born 1903, Fredericia, Denmark; tall; blue eyes; fair hair. Last heard of in December, 1926. Stepfather enquiring. 18473

DAVIDSON, Mr. Alexander Llewellyn—Height 5 ft. 5 ins.; fair wavy hair; blue eyes; fresh complexion; clean-shaven. Born, January 22nd, 1891, Barley Mow, Llandysil, Carmarthenshire. Last heard of from Cobalt, May, 1910. 18406

O'SHEA, Arthur, alias Patrick Fitzgerald—Age 40; height 5 ft. 5 ins.; dark hair; blue eyes. Born in Ireland. Last known address, 1496 Bishop Street, Montreal, Que. 18207

ROBERTSON, George—Last heard of in North Bay, Ont. Brother James, in Montreal, anxious to get in touch with him. Anyone knowing present whereabouts, please communicate with this office. 18235

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The World as We See It

A Survey of Current Thought and Events;
Glimpses of Peoples and Places

MOUNTAINLESS DENMARK

"Everywhere are the children . . . with their blue eyes like fresh-opened mirrors, their corn-colored hair tossing as they run."

THERE are not three and a half million people in Denmark, and yet this sturdy little kingdom has withstood the assaults of many centuries and retained its individuality in spite of the great composite races surrounding it.

Go to Elsinore, for instance, which a few years ago celebrated its five hundredth anniversary. There you may see the sun shining on the quaint streets, the scarlet-roofed and gabled houses, on the 16th-century apothecary's with the crowned swan on its painted walls, on the old timbered lanes and the dark red churches. There you will hear the waters of the Sound lapping upon the wharves and a vigor in the air, infused with salt and tar, and wet with the whispers of the sea.

Picture this charming town on the event of a national holiday: everywhere are the children of the Dane, boys and girls alike, with their blue eyes like fresh-opened mirrors, their corn-colored hair tossing as they run down the Stengade beneath the banners, which toss, too, in a red and white flood above them. Every house in that street is alight with the Dannebrog, the white cross on the flame-tongued flag which has flown unaltered over Denmark since the days when King John of England was facing his barons. On the same site, under the same banner, children with the same hair and eyes had danced

in 1426, 1326—yes, and 1226. Their descendants, as they run about or walk in demure files beneath their teachers' care, are like so many living monuments to the magnificent permanence of a small race.

Denmark has no great rivers, lakes or mountains. Indeed, for their nearest approach to a mountain Danes must go to sea. Far away in the Baltic, over one hundred miles from Copenhagen is the Island of Bornholm, which rises from the waters to a height of 540 feet.

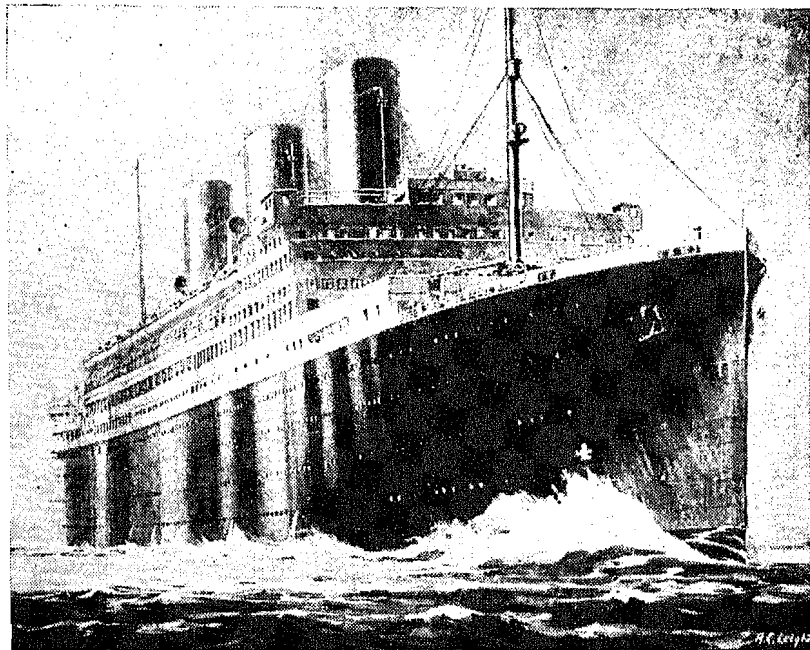
Schooling and farming are subjects in which Denmark is among the foremost in the world, and every year armies of experts, specialists and theorists invade this ancient kingdom and drink deeply at her wells of knowledge.

Keeping Tab on the Crab

In 1902 some scientists, working on the shores of the Red Sea made the experiment of marking a family of crabs and putting them back in their pools. A record was made of the identifications and nothing more was thought of it.

One of this distinguished family has now arrived at Port Said, after negotiating the Suez Canal. It has taken it twenty-nine years to crawl a distance of 101 miles! Twenty-two inches an hour—and living in the Speed Age!

NEWEST of the "EMPRESS" SISTERS



An artist's conception of the Canadian Pacific Company's new liner, "Empress of Britain," which, on her maiden voyage, outdistanced some of the Atlantic's fleetest greyhounds

The "Empress of Britain," which was scheduled to berth at Quebec City on June 2nd, on her maiden voyage from Southampton, will put the Dominion in the front rank of high-class ocean travel and on equal terms with New York in the matter of luxurious accommodation for speedy transatlantic crossings.

Complete apartments may be rented by passengers, with restaurant and man-and-maid service. Turkish and electric baths, children's playground and nurseries are other features of these apartments.

Radio enthusiasts will be in their element on the new "white queen," which has been equipped with a short-wave receiving set capable of picking up programs from both sides of the Atlantic. Broadcasts from stations in Australia, South Africa,

South America and India are included in the regular programs. This is the first time in the history of ship-building that a radio reception and re-broadcasting equipment has been an integral part of the construction of a transatlantic liner. This equipment is the last word in excellence.

The "Empress" is a "matchless" ship in more ways than one. Matches are out of date, for the very obvious reason that electricity and oil are in general use—the former supplying the heat for the vast ranges and ovens from which the 1,000 passengers and 680 officers and crew are fed, and as far as the latter is concerned oil-burning engines are used and, except for a match to ignite the fires in the first instance, the "Empress of Britain" could very well exist without a match aboard.

Little-Known Latvia—An Infant Republic

LATVIA, which has emerged as a Republic since the War, is still little known to peoples of the Western World. Formerly a province of Russia, these sturdy people in 1918 asserted their independence, and this, encouraged by the League of Nations, led to their re-establishment as a nation.

Nearly as large as Scotland, and as large as Belgium and Holland combined, Latvia is a land of lakes and forests. It is sparsely inhabited, having a population of only two millions, of whom 350,000 are concentrated in the capital—Riga.

The country suffered severely during the Great War, and was also overrun and devastated in the War of Independence against the German and Russian invaders which followed. Since then, however, Latvia—or Lettland as the Germans call it, the country of the Letts—has made considerable strides towards recovery. The majority of the people are occupied in cattle-breeding and dairying.

Riga, the capital, is an important port, with a large transit trade. It is steeped in romanticism. In the middle ages it belonged to the famous "Hansa" Merchants' Union of Western Europe. It was here that the German Roman Catholic Crusaders first came eight hundred years ago, to convert the heathen to Christianity, dwelling around the shores of the Baltic Sea. German knights, kings of Poland, grand dukes of Lithuania, Swedish kings, and Russian czars, have in turn ruled over the city.

FACING a HIDEOUS TRUTH War's Terrible Toll

THE appalling waste of flesh and blood plus money and materials occasioned by the World War has been graphically presented by a German mathematician working in the interests of peace propaganda:

"In the four years of conflict eleven million people were killed—one for every thirteen times the clock ticked. Over ten millions were mutilated—enough to repopulate Spain were it suddenly wiped out. With the five hundred billion dollars the war cost, it would have been possible to present every family in the United States, Canada, Australia, Great Britain, France, Belgium, Germany and Russia with a \$2,500 house standing in a five-acre plot and containing \$1,250 worth of furniture, besides providing for each group of 20,000 families a hospital, university and schools, including the salaries of teachers, nurses, doctors and professors. If the little wooden crosses over the graves of the soldier dead were placed side by side, they would stretch from Paris through Europe and Asia right to Vladivostok," and the last would be washed by the waves of the Sea of Japan."

The radium discovery made on Great Bear Lake, Western Canada, assumes significant proportions when it is estimated that the market value of radium is \$75,000 a gram, or roughly, \$33,750,000 a pound.

WHAT IS A "CANADIAN"?

THE question of Canadian nationality (says "The New Outlook") has long been debated and has never wholly been settled since Confederation. People born in Canada, of Canadian-born parents and grandparents, have been puzzled over the fact that they could not be classified as "Canadian." Not only have they been puzzled, but bitterly annoyed. Of recent years the annoyance became so pronounced and vocal that the authorities have been aroused and a Bill, which has now received its

first reading at Ottawa, promises to remove the long-standing grievance. Briefly, the Bill introduced by Hon. C. H. Cahan provides that "all are Canadians who were born here, or who were born within the British Empire and have lived here two years, or who are the children of such British-born, or who were born outside the British Empire and have lived here five years, or who are the children of such former aliens and are born in Canada, or who, born elsewhere, declare themselves Canadians when they come of age." The Bill also protects the term "Canadian," by a provision which says that any one belonging to the prohibited classes of immigrants shall not be capable of acquiring Canadian domicile. This Bill, which must surely pass triumphantly through all the necessary readings, will be welcomed not only by those who are Canadian-born, but by the vast multitudes who, born elsewhere, are eager and proud to be able to write their nationality as Canadian.

That there have been no murders or other crimes resulting in death in Norway since 1928 is attributed to less drinking of alcohol and better education among the working people.

A plan has been before the French Chamber of Deputies for a new ship canal between Bordeaux and Narbonne, which would provide another link between the Atlantic and Mediterranean.

"SWEET LAUGHTER IN MY HEART"

WHAT is this numerous noise of many laughters in my heart? Is it in the earth, or in the air, or water?

It is in the earth. For the little grass roots rouse from winter rest; stir in new strength, laughing low in joy, thinking of the light and sky above.

It is in the air. For the wind—a frolic jester among the beauties of a merry court—laughs as he hurries them down the marble sky—steps on their billowing cloud dresses, pink and mauve and grey. And he laughs as he shakes out powdery gold-dust of the fringed elm buds; laughs and tweaks the mist veil from the sunny face of day.

But loveliest of laughter—laughter that is singing—warbles in the swelling throats of the sweet Spring waters, in the many voices of the clean March waters. How they hurry down the hills and race across the prairies and freshen the glad earth.

Oh, Spring is a happy youth, in love with all he looks on, laughing to ease his heart of too much joy.

Oh, Spring is a kind nurse, chuckling, talking, to herself. "They will like this—my children. They will shout and dance—my little girls and boys."

So she pins yellow star-flowers on the stone-bare branches, hides slippery hail balls in a soft blue cloud, ties it loose with shining threads of sunshine, chuckling, laughing softly.

This is the sweet laughter I hear in my heart.—Clara Morris.

All the world can ne'er
console thee—
Cannot bring thee
joy:

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He will thy sorrow
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TORONTO 2, JUNE 13, 1931

JAMES HAY, Commissioner

"He Was Always Doing The Crooked Thing"

About the Boy who Couldn't Walk Straight

IT WAS his aunt who first said he couldn't walk straight. She said it when, as a little chap, he was learning to walk, and when she would hold out her hands to him to encourage him in his passage across the parlor floor, instead of taking a straight course to her, he would run in a twisting, turning path, no matter how she tried to correct him. He never could walk straight.

Poor little fellow, if the truth were told, he never had very much encouragement, in spite of what his aunt said. His own mother was dead—he had no recollection of her—and almost every step he ever took was at the behest or encouragement of somebody who never really cared much for him. His aunt tried to "do her duty by him," but it was a perfunctory business, more from a sense of her own comfort in having a well behaved boy about the house, than for any other reason.

"What's the Use?"

Douglas McLure often thought that if she had reminded him less of his perverse habits he might have made a better business of things. "But," he remarked, "what's the use of trying to go straight when you're everlastingly being told you can't?"

However, say what you will, this aunt's word was a true description of his life story up to a few years ago. Always doing the crooked thing at school; always getting into the wrong set; always out of favor with the authorities. The fact that his aunt was the wife of the local minister,

and he was always being reminded that his conduct should bear upon it the stamp of the Manse, added to his obstinacy. "It's not my fault my mother is dead, and that I have to live in your silly old Manse!" he would say. The worst of it—for those who were responsible—was that he was so heedless of his faults, and so ready to promise an amendment which was never forthcoming.

Down the Ladder

Brilliant and clever was Doug, and extraordinarily good-looking, even as a youngster, and more so as a young man. A journey from his native Province to a distant British Colony seemed to promise well and his ability and style gained him an entrance into the best circles, and the favor of a charming maiden—but "Doug" could not go straight, and soon admission to previously hospitable homes was denied him, and those who had courted his friendship passed him by on the street with a blank stare of non-recognition.

Further down the social ladder, and now a prodigal in a far country. Once more his fatal habit was responsible for his pitiable plight. One of his chance-met friends had given him a job which, if he had gone about it in a proper manner, would have given him a decent income, but it was not quick enough for Doug. And so,

get finally and completely away from youthful environment and acquaintances, where nobody at all knew him, make a fresh start altogether, surely, then, he would go straight. So a journey to the Old Country was planned—England might offer him a new and a fair chance. So off to London he started—and arrived in Winnipeg! (He could not go straight.)

And he landed without a cent in his pocket, two or three days before Christmas, and with the police of his own province enquiring after him. He had a note in his pocket addressed to "The Salvation Army Headquarters, London," and, just the sort of thing he would do, he made for one of The Army Cadets in charge of a Christmas Cheer "Pot," and asked if he could be directed to that address. Naturally, the Cadet, who possessed a sense of humor, told him that he would have a long way to go, but that he might call in at the Winnipeg Headquarters en route.

No Wish to "Join Up"

Doug had no wish at all to "join up" with The Army; they were only for "bums" and such like, but a centless condition is an urgent driver, and so to Headquarters he came, and was directed to the Hostel for food and lodging, receiving the most careful instructions as to how he should get there, and a car ticket into the bar-



it does seem something like the working of Providence that he should have to come by such a devious route, and past so many other instructors, to find at last some Power which will keep his feet on the right way.—J.

IN ANCIENT QUEBEC

Mayor Expresses Appreciation of Army's Winter Relief Work

A SPLENDID record of Winter activity at the Quebec City Men's Social and Industrial Centre, is revealed in the following statistics, which have just come to hand from Ensign John van Roon, Superintendent of the Institution:

Thirteen thousand and twenty-two free beds were supplied during the first five months of this year, and 15,000 free meals were given away. Five hundred and six pieces of clothing, of which four hundred were new, were also distributed.

Over 2,000 people attended services held at the Hostel; there were eighty-seven conversions, and 370 Bibles were given away.

A letter of appreciation for this work was received by the Ensign from Lieut.-Colonel H. E. Lavigne, Mayor of Quebec.

"I take great pleasure in expressing to you, in the name of the City of Quebec," his Worship wrote, "our sincere appreciation of the good work done by The Salvation Army and yourself for the relief of unemployment in the City of Quebec."

Ensign and Mrs. van Roon are nobly holding aloft The Army's banner in this most ancient of Canadian cities.

CADETS CAMPAIGN

WEST TORONTO (Commandant and Mrs. Laing)—Sunday was a day long to be remembered. Staff-Captain Keith and a brigade of Cadets from the Training Garrison crowded the day with soulful effort to help and bless. The Band did splendidly under the guidance of Brigadier Hawkins. The congregations were large, and the interest manifested, out-doors as well as in the Hall, was gratifying in the extreme. God was honored. One seeker was at the Mercy-seat, but by no means indicated all the good that was done. Hallelujah!

EVERYTHING BRIGHT

WOODBINE (Captain Edmondson, Lieutenant Simester)—Everything was bright at Woodbine on Sunday. Sergeant Monk and five Cadets from the Training Garrison were here, and their presence added to the brightness! Best of all God was with us! Sunday evening witnessed a march of nineteen, including Cadets. Woodbine is looking up! To God be the glory!—Caplleu.

FRESH-AIR CAMP FOR NEEDY CHILDREN

The Salvation Army Fresh-Air Camp, for needy children of Toronto and district, will be opened to receive children at the end of June.

What a great record of work for the needy, and joy for the hearts of children, and gladness and pleasure to mothers is recorded in that glorious Camp at Jackson's Point, Lake Simcoe! And what a splendid result

it will be this year if only our friends will come to our aid!

We need three thousand dollars (\$3,000.00) to help us to cover at least part of the cost of this Christ-like and necessary work on behalf of needy boys and girls.

Please send cheques to Commissioner Hay, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

FIGURES THAT TALK

A Few Bare Facts About The Army's Social Activities in Montreal

The Men's Social Department in Montreal, under the supervision of Major Thompson, has been enabled to accomplish magnificent relief during the past six months, the most difficult period of the year.

The following figures give concrete evidence of the way this branch of Army work in the Metropolis has come to the aid of the distressed:

Free beds	477
Free meals	1253
Articles of clothing	2021
Pieces of furniture	123
Loads of wood	293
Families supplied with groceries	2356

This relief has been given at a cost of \$2,462.

In addition to the aid mentioned above \$1,217 jobs have been found for unemployed men out of 2,564 applications made to our Officers for assistance in obtaining employment.

BOOK'S LONG TRIP

Amongst The Army's most prominent friends in Montreal is Captain Barnes, just appointed Deputy Chief of Police, and Maurice Tetreau, K.C., just appointed Judge of the Criminal Courts here.

Judge Tetreau, when President of the Kiwanis Club, St. Lawrence Branch, extended to Commandant Trickey, The Army's Police Court Officer in Montreal, an invitation to speak on our work in the Prisons, an excellent opportunity which was usefully utilized.

Hugh Redwood's book, "God in the Slums," has been read by a number of these officials, and Commandant Trickey's copy, which he has been lending to them, will have had an interesting trip before it returns.

yielding to the temptation to twist his business returns, he fell foul of his friends, and into the hands of the police. On the morning of his appearance before the magistrate he greatly annoyed the officials of the court, and amused himself in spite of his plight by walking towards the witness-box instead of the prisoner's dock. He was halted in his course, however, by the policeman calling him back, and saying, "Can't you go straight? This is the way for you."

More Trouble

But as he stood and faced the magistrate and listened to the evidence against himself, he did wonder if ever a chance might come to him, if ever anybody would take pity on him and show him the right way; if indeed, he might take pity on himself and keep in the straight path if ever he were able to find it. But no sooner was he in jail than his propensity overcame him, and in spite of the friendliness of the Warden and the other officials, he was in more trouble.

After this episode, from which he was rescued by the kindness of the aunt and uncle about whom he was always railing, he had another spell in his native town—and another spell of disgrace for the Manse and the Church. "Well it is," said some of the Church members, "that his father and mother are dead." It might have been better for him if they had been spared to direct their lad's wayward footsteps; one never knows.

Then the thought that if he could

gain. Instead, he arrived at the Citadel, just as the meeting was in progress, and sat through the service wondering, so he says, when the eats would be served.

At the end of the meeting, much to his amusement, and not a little to his secret consternation, he found himself at the Penitent-form, having accepted an invitation from one who had spoken to him during the service. But as he knelt and listened to the quiet "dealing" by the comrades, and took in the songs which were being sung, there came over him a sense that he had at last arrived at the place where he should have been years ago. His head sank lower and lower on the bench; presently his tears came, and he began to pray for himself—and shortly, for these things can happen very quickly—discovered himself a sinner forgiven.

A Different Story

Eventually he found his way to the Hostel, and soon to some employment, and then step by step to a complete rehabilitation, physical, moral, and social. Now and then those interested in him hear from him in the place of honest and happy usefulness which he has found for himself, and there is a sense of fun in the way in which he signs himself—"Yours, going straight."

Mind you, we are not saying that it was Doug's contact with The Salvation Army that has helped him to keep straight all through the time which has elapsed since he first found us, but, if you will allow us to say so,

THE WAGES OF
SIN IS DEATH